

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. LXXXIII.—No. 2154.
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1896.

[PRICE, 25 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



"In the midst of the ring of laughing, admiring spectators he saw little Fairy leaping and twirling."

THE CHRISTMAS MUMMERS

by MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

"Throw up the left—jump with the right. Throw up the right—jump with the left," chanted Madame Jeanne in time with the music; and herself suiting the action to the word, she sprang high and twirled low before her pupils with the most surprising agility; for Madame Jeanne was no longer young.

"Oh, no, no!" cried she, still with the music and looking

back over her shoulder at her imitators, who paused in confusion. "It is Mrs. Schuyler who is all wrong again."

The music stopped as madame hurried to seize one of the breathless dancers by the waist, drawing her into proper position.

"Here is the trouble," said Madame Jeanne, reproachfully. "You have left your corsets on again."

Mrs. Schuyler reddened and released herself with a petulant little wriggle of vexation.

"I can't help it, madame. I can't, indeed. I feel too disconnected without them."

"As you will," said madame, with a shrug. "Come on, ladies—music again. Throw up the left—jump with the right."

After all, it mattered very little if that class never learned its skirt-dance. It was to them but a new amusement, a freak,

an excuse to buy a gaudy costume with queer, blunt-toed slippers and round, fluttering skirts. The only good that could ever come of these lessons might be a little added grace and a little healthy exercise.

"The rich have queer fancies," thought madame, as she wove out the figures before her class; but then, their money was as good as that of the professional dancers she taught, and if they liked spending it so, why, throw up the left—jump with the right. It was all one to madame.

So madame thought, but it was not quite true—though, perhaps, Mrs. Schuyler alone of the class understood and half resented the retired artiste's unconscious contempt of these amateurs. In her day Madame Jeanne had been a celebrity but now, with her own gray hair uncovered and her once *beaux yeux* hid behind round spectacles, she leaped and bounded in gauze and incongruous spangles before large classes of both professionals and amateurs.

"The old thing actually dignifies her profession," thought Mrs. Schuyler with a smile. "Well, I suppose it is a good

thing. I almost wish I had a profession. How glad she is to be rid of us."

The clock had struck and madame moved with waving arms and tripping feet to the head of the room, where she stood kissing her hand and courtesying low to each pupil as she filed out.

"Ah, my dear little Fairy!" cried madame in a new voice, springing forward. "Come, come; I am ready for you."

Mrs. Schuyler, who had been the last to move, looked back to see a little girl enter the room and run to madame, flinging her arms about the old dancer's neck. Madame Jeanne embraced her pupil with equal effusion. She was a pretty little thing about seven years old, with a vain, foolish little face, as much in keeping with her spangles and tulle as madame's appearance was out of harmony with hers. Mrs. Schuyler was moved to look, in the dressing-room glass, at her own black and pink voluminous gauzes, comparing them with her face.

"It suits, and it does not," she decided. "I am not so frivolous as I look."

In her heart there was anything but frivolity. She was, in fact, waiting for the pain which clutched her weak back to subside before she began to dress for the street. Not for worlds would she have confessed that the strong corset she obstinately wore was clung to as a support. The relief its clasp gave her might be temporary, and injurious in the end, but the pain without that artificial strength was more than she could bring herself to endure. Perhaps, after all, this exercise was bad for her; still she would try it a little longer, as she had tried everything else.

She was in no hurry. The rest of the class, laughing and chatting, were in process of change from butterfly raiment to more or less severe street costumes. Some had already gone, but Mrs. Schuyler was still idling.

"Over again—over again—over; fine, fine, my Fairy," came from behind the curtained door which led to the dancing-hall, and Mrs. Schuyler peeped in through the folds.

The little pupil was turning like a wheel about the room on hands and feet. Madame's eyes gleamed behind her glasses; she was clapping her hands.

"Poor little dot!" murmured Mrs. Schuyler.

"I'm tired," said the child, bounding to her feet at last. She walked to the side of the room and there leaned into the arms of another child who had sat watching her—a small boy not very much older than herself, but with an elderly little face. The protecting air with which he received the younger child was positively maternal.

"They should both be in their beds by now," thought Mrs. Schuyler.

The boy's face troubled her somehow. It was as a familiar sight to her, or reminded her of well-known features. Yet she could not place him. He was oddly dressed in a fantastic plaid suit, ill-made and ill-fitting, which added to the uneasiness of his unchildlike look. The private class, passing out in groups, paused at the hall-door outside to watch the little professional. Madame was proud to show off her pupil.

"You will hear from Fairy," she said, complacently. "She has great talent—jump higher, little one—higher. An audience hears her, you see—higher." Mrs. Schuyler could bear the applause and the thoughtlessly open flattery of the child.

"Poor little dot!" she thought again. "I wonder if she has a mother."

She glanced into the room once more and then turned resolutely away. She had never liked to watch children since the hour she learned that the delicate little blossom she had held in the hollow of her arm for one short day was the only bloom she might ever expect. She was herself too delicate a plant to flower and live. Whenever she was reminded of that one brief day the pain at her heart was so great as to make her vow forgetfulness, and so, as she had taught herself to do, she turned from the sight of the children in the dancing-hall and went back to her toilet. She was alone in the dressing-room when she was finally ready to leave, and as she passed out she paused involuntarily to watch the lesson, which was still in progress.

"You are careless," madame was saying, severely. "Now do all that over again."

"The music's wrong," fretted the child.

"The music is right. Drop that handkerchief behind you and pick it up again."

Madame stamped her foot and the child whimpered, but, as she was bidden, dropped the handkerchief behind her close to her heels, and bent backward to reach it with her hand thrust over her head until it seemed to Mrs. Schuyler the little spine must break.

"Oh, but that must hurt her," she cried, advancing; "and she's such a baby."

Madame laughed.

"That—that's nothing. I could pick up the handkerchief in a flash before I grew old. You like it, don't you, my pet? and you did it beautifully this time."

The child sprang into madame's arms and was caressed.

"Where is the boy?" asked Mrs. Schuyler.

"There," said madame, pointing to the window.

A boy of the same size as the one Mrs. Schuyler had seen was standing at the window, peering with childish interest into the street where the carriages were passing.

"That's not the same child," said Mrs. Schuyler; "he has on a tweed suit, and the little boy I saw was dressed in plaid. Where is he?"

"Here," cried madame, laughing. "Show the lady the front of your trousers."

The little boy obediently came forward at her call, his head hanging, his face scarlet. Madame laughed loudly with an unthinking cruelty.

"His mamma," she explained, is very poor. "She had those remnants, each only enough for half a suit, so she asked him if he would rather have one leg of plaid and one of tweed, or have the back and the front of the trousers different; and he said he'd have it as it is, because then people might think he was two boys."

Mrs. Schuyler could not help smiling, but she looked at the abashed lashes lying on the boy's red cheeks, and sat down in a chair drawing the child kindly into her arm.

"That's just what I did think. I believed you were two boys. You were a clever little fellow to choose so."

"His mother made the suit herself," said madame, in a laughing aside. "She doesn't sew well."

"The little girl is dressed very differently," answered Mrs. Schuyler, looking at the gorgeous spangles and expensive gauze decking the small creature.

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "That's another matter. The girl is a genius. She will support the whole family in time. She has danced in a few private houses and at a club dinner already. Between ourselves the mother is a lazy piece. Any one may support her who will. She would never work."

"I would have scrubbed before I dressed the poor boy in that clown costume," murmured Mrs. Schuyler, indignantly. "It's cruelty to the child."

"Oh, he," said madame lightly, "he is not the favorite. When the little girl is bad mamma whips him."

The aside was not with carefully lowered voice. Mrs. Schuyler saw the boy dart an ashamed look at her, saw his unchildlike gray eyes fall and his mouth twitch. Suddenly she recognized the likeness which had before caught her attention.

"What is your name?" she asked him.

"George," answered the child.

Mrs. Schuyler started. She turned quickly to the little girl, who hung back, but not with real shyness; that she had lost, if she had ever possessed it.

"My name's Fairy," she volunteered.

Mrs. Schuyler scanned the bold, foolish little face with keen eyes and apparently did not find there what she sought, but her eyes fastened on a pair of gold armlets which held the short gauze sleeves in place.

"And who gave you these?" she asked, rising and touching the armlets.

The boy replied.

"They were father's once. He wore them put together as a watch-chain."

The color flew to Mrs. Schuyler's face.

"Where do these children come from? Who are they?" she asked Madame Jeanne abruptly.

Madame walked to the side of the room and from among the numberless pictures of posturing professionals and framed testimonials from managers and patrons, she selected one of the writings, which she brought to Mrs. Schuyler.

"Blood will tell," said madame. "This is from the managers of that child's grandmother. Ah, she could dance! I taught her all the last year before her debut."

The testimonial was a half-jesting tribute to Madame Jeanne as a teacher, and was signed by a well-known manager—"Madame La Coste shows that she has been trained by a master hand—or foot," the writing ended.

"That," said madame with pride, pointing to the dancer's name, "that is my Fairy's grandmamma."

"And her mother?"

"She also is named La Coste—Sara La Coste."

"La Coste!" repeated Mrs. Schuyler.

Madame raised her eyebrows and turned to hang the testimonial on its nail.

"I never gossip, I never question. Sara is known to me by her mother's name only, and I teach the little one for the sake of her dead grandmamma. The children live not far from here. They come alone. The boy brings the girl."

Mrs. Schuyler hesitated for a moment, looking from one child to the other.

"I will take them home in my carriage," she said, suddenly, "if you will give me the address and if the lesson is over."

"As you will," said madame—thinking again "the rich have queer fancies."

Mr. Schuyler was standing before his dressing-room mirror, trying to fit an old-fashioned white peruke upon his head. His costume led up to the wig, which was the finishing touch. A painted sketch of George III. in full court dress stood on the toilet-table as a model for frequent consultation. The masquerader, absorbed in his toilet, missed hearing a rap at his door, and started when it was more loudly repeated. The door opened before he could reply and Mrs. Schuyler entered, starting back in turn as her husband faced her. He laughed and came forward, a man seemingly of rather serious mould for a masquerade. In his ordinary garb he was what might have been termed unimportant looking, but he had a kindly, sympathetic face.

"Don't you remember it's 'old Christmas'?" he said, pleasantly. "This is our night of misrule at the club. Do I look like a fool?"

He turned to the glass and, receiving no answer, went on. "If I do, I suit the character of my namesake. I suppose George III. was a fool, wasn't he? 'What—what—what'—that's my catch-word, isn't it?"

"Those are the very words I have come to say," replied Mrs. Schuyler. "Yes, I had forgotten 'old Christmas.' George, I want to ask you a question. Did you ever see these before?"

Mr. Schuyler turned from the glass quickly.

"Dear, has anything happened?" he asked. "You look faint. I am afraid this dancing is bad for you. Sit here."

He rolled an easy chair near her, and, as if accustomed to thus caring for her, drew his wife into it and arranged the cushions; only then would he turn to the armlets she still held out impatiently.

"These?" he said, taking the armlets from her. He lowered his voice and hesitated. "I gave these to you, dear, not long ago. You used them for a day."

"No—no," she cried, shrinking. "I have those laid away with the—other things."

Mr. Schuyler turned the links over in his hand.

"Why, these belonged to James," he said. "We each had a pair exactly alike. They belonged to my mother and her twin sister. James wore his as a watch-chain. See, here are the marks where they were riveted together."

"I thought I remembered your telling me so," said Mrs. Schuyler.

"How did you get them?" her husband asked.

She only replied, "Tell me something of James's life abroad."

Mr. Schuyler frowned slightly. "I think you know about

as much as I do. It is not a pleasant subject. He was too young to have lived abroad alone, but as the younger brother I could do nothing to prevent it."

"Did he really marry the woman?"

"Yes, that was all regular, fortunately—or unfortunately."

"And her name?"

"Was Sara La Coste. She was the daughter of a French opera-dancer connected with an English company. James met her in London."

"Yes," said Mrs. Schuyler. "I thought that was the name. Go on."

"I can only tell you further that they went to Paris to live and were unhappy together. They parted after a very few years. I am under the impression that James settled a small fortune upon her and left her. But I only know that he came home alone and has been—I can't say delicate, but very reticent on the subject. And now tell me why you ask all this."

"First, had they children?"

"I don't know. I imagine so. James was, as I say, reticent over the whole matter. I asked him once if there were children, but as he chose to answer, foolishly, 'Oh, about a dozen or so,' I really don't know what is the truth."

"I know," said Mrs. Schuyler. "The woman still calls herself Sara La Coste. She is now in this city and very poor. There are two children, and I have them in the library downstairs. No, I am not raving," she laughed, in reply to her husband's anxious look. "I found the two children at Madame Jeanne's and as soon as I learned their names and saw these armlets I believed I knew who they were, and so I have brought them straight home to you—a boy and a girl—our own nephew and niece. James can't know all that is happening. The girl is taking charity lessons from madame with a view to the stage and supporting her wretched mother. She has already danced in semi-public; and the boy—oh, I don't mind about the girl so much, she is like her mother, I know she is—but the boy is one of us; so like you he might have been ours, and he has your name. James must have named him for you. The mother dresses the girl like a princess and the boy like a clown. He is pitifully neglected and looks so cowed and wretched and ill-treated that he made my heart sick."

She broke down with an excited sob, and rising with a nervous movement looked into the dressing-table mirror. "Oh, why do women who don't deserve them or care for them have children? If I were only strong, George! Look at me now. With just a little excitement a nervous wreck." She looked contemptuously at the reflection of her delicate face—"a piece of faded pink calico; that's what I look like."

Her husband drew her back into her chair, his arm about her.

"Pink calico fits my needs better than brocade," he said, soothingly. "James tried the brocade."

"But I am so worthless. What do I make of my life or yours?"

"You only make me perfectly happy," he answered. "Stop grieving, dearest; am not I more to thee than ten sons? Come, tell me more of the children, as I understand you have stolen them."

"Yes, for the time I have. I wanted you to see them. James must be told at once. Something must be done. Come with me to the library and see the children yourself."

They went down the stairs together, and Mrs. Schuyler opened the door. Her husband paused at the threshold, looking in at the two children, who stared at him in turn.

"Do they look like the children of your brother, or like those of a circus-rider?" asked Mrs. Schuyler.

The little ones had thrown aside their outer wraps, and, forgetful of his own unusual garb, Mr. Schuyler uttered an exclamation as he looked at the two variegated costumes.

"The girl is as badly dealt with as the boy, if in another way," whispered Mrs. Schuyler.

"They are both a disgrace. If I can force him here James shall see them just as we see them now—indecent little parquets."

"But I am sure he cannot know."

Mr. Schuyler shook his head.

"You have more faith in James than I have. It is his place to know."

"Where shall you find him at this hour?"

Mr. Schuyler looked at his watch. "He must be at the club by now. He is their chosen king of misrule to-night—and his own every other night, I think. This is disgraceful!" He looked again at the children, whom he had not approached.

"I can't feel that they are of our blood," he said. "They look like little mountebanks."

"Not the boy," said Mrs. Schuyler quickly.

"No," admitted Mr. Schuyler. "Not the boy, in spite of his clothing." He turned to the door but his wife intercepted him.

"You must not leave them alone with me," she cried, tremulously. "The mother might be looking for them. Madame Jeanne would give her my address. I am not able to face a scene. Take the children with you. You can leave them in the carriage outside the club and bring James to them."

"Will they consent to go with me?" asked Mr. Schuyler.

"Oh, yes," she replied, sorrowfully. "They came with me unquestioningly. They obey any one who orders them, just as little poor children do. Do take them with you."

Mr. Schuyler still hesitated.

"There is just the chance that they are not James's children after all. It seems a risk to run off yet further with them. I am not as adventurous a spirit as you are," he added, smiling. "I shall never die with my boots on, as you probably will."

"They must belong to James," insisted Mrs. Schuyler. "Don't you see how like you the boy is? It makes my heart ache to look at him."

"As I can think of nothing better than kidnapping the children, I suppose I must follow your plan. If the mother should pursue them, tell her I am taking them back to her. Give me her address, by the way, for if James disowns them or will not take them, they must go back to their mother, I suppose."

"How hardly you judge James," Mrs. Schuyler interrupted. "If they are his he will of course take them."

She laughed a little, adding, "James likes me better than he does you. Tell him it was I who found the children, and I who sent them to him. Tell him they are an old Christmas gift from me to him."

Mr. Schuyler did not understand children; he was always shy with them, and having none of his own he was ignorant of their needs. It was, therefore, a somewhat serious matter to him to look across the carriage at his two strange charges, sitting obediently on the narrow seat opposite. He could think of nothing to say to them, and needed to consider how best to approach his brother concerning them. When he opened the carriage door and stepped out to the street before his clubhouse the light from the entrance lanterns streamed in and he began to regret his long silence.

"Fairy's scared," whispered the boy, pointing to his sister. He himself was very white of face and his eyes were round and inquiring.

Mr. Schuyler could see, in the corner of the seat, a tossed mass of gauze and spangles half covered by the coarse wrap the child wore. She was sobbing with terror, and yet, as Mrs. Schuyler had noted, was painfully submissive, for, supposing she was to be lifted from the carriage, she scrambled down backward from the seat and, shaking with sobs, turned her wet face to the door, holding out her arms to be taken.

Mr. Schuyler was a kind-hearted man, and the sight vanquished him. It was impossible to leave the little ones alone in the carriage, nor could he bring himself to give up his mission and return to his wife unsuccessful. In the end he compromised by ordering that his carriage should be driven about the block until the children were reassured by him, and until he believed the most tardy revelers must have arrived for their night of misrule. Then he made a hasty dash up the club steps with a child clinging to each hand. As an old member every corner of the building was familiar to him, and he hurried to a small cloak-room, too small for use, he knew, on this crowded night. As he dragged the staring children through the halls lined with Christmas-trees and gay with gilded wreaths, a passing glance in a mirror made Mr. Schuyler hasten his steps. He realized for the first time what a curious group they made, the children as fantastically arrayed as if they, too, were part of the old Christmas revels. They met no one on the way, however, except a smiling servant, who evidently accepted the trio as a part of the evening's pageant. Mr. Schuyler breathed a sigh of relief as he closed the cloak-room door behind him. There was an angry protest in his heart that a man might not sin alone and alone suffer his own consequences, but as these were not the first harvests that the younger brother had reaped for the elder, he swallowed his resentment and, as usual, did what he could.

After some coaxing, aided by the boy, who seemed to have regained his wonted self-control, Mr. Schuyler persuaded the little girl that she was not afraid to wait for him in the brightly lighted apartment, and as soon as he might he left the children together, hurrying to the large hall where he knew his brother would be found. The boyishness which had moved him to plan and dress with genuine pleasure for this night had all been wiped away by the late occurrences of the evening. He now looked down on his costume with disgust, and wondered how he had ever seen amusement in such buffoonery. The feeling of disgust grew on him as he neared the hall, from which he began to hear loud bursts of laughter and applause. A crowd of masqueraders, gathered about the door, met him with genial greetings which he forced himself to return, but it was almost more than his patience could stand to hear on all sides congratulations that he was brother to the man he had come to arraign with two sadly neglected children and a deserted wife. It was evident that James Schuyler was distinguishing himself in some way most pleasing to his subjects—his name was on every lip. Looking up at a stage which had been built at one end of the hall, Mr. Schuyler saw his brother and could have groaned aloud with impatience. There, the life of the evening, the chief actor in a Christmas play written by himself, paraded the king of misrule, witty, brilliant in his improvisations and glowing with the pleasure of success.

Mr. Schuyler went on his way behind the scenes and met the triumphant king as he made his exit and the curtain fell.

"Hello!" said James, genially, as he saw his brother's grave face. "How are you to-night? I'm just a boy again. Old Christmas comes but once a year. What makes you look so serious, George?"

"Because I've something serious to say to you," began George in a lowered voice.

James laughed.

"Did I ever see you when you had not? Worrying over me is what makes your hair grow gray."

He flicked back a grizzled lock on George's forehead.

Troubled and hurried as he was, the younger brother could not resist looking up at the black-haired man by him with a half smile.

"We all as a family grow gray early," he said, dryly. "You are peculiarly lucky."

"None of your sarcasm. I know as well as you do that I dye my hair, but I swear it's not for vanity. It discourages me too much to see the marks of old age creeping on every time I look in the glass. What do you think of the play?"

"I have been too troubled to think of it. I must see you alone and at once on a matter of importance."

"But my dear fellow," pleaded the king of misrule, "it's utterly impossible for me to talk business now. You must see that yourself. There goes the curtain up again. My cue comes in a moment. Stand here by me," he added good-humoredly, "and listen a bit. I wrote all the lines for the mummies myself."

He was as excited as a playwright whose all hangs on the public verdict. In the doubtful passages he gnawed his lip, and where the hits told he rose on tiptoe, his face glowing, his brow triumphant.

"I can't attend to you now, George. You must see I can't," he repeated, and then brushing gently past his brother with a courtesy which never failed him, he rushed on the stage as his cue sounded.

Mr. Schuyler walked back to the body of the hall. It was useless for him to linger there, as he saw, and after the curtain

fell for the last time he had yet to patiently wait and even to make one of the uproarious procession which swept round and round the hall, kept in step by a heavy brass band playing in a balcony overhead. However reluctant, he was forced to the honor of carrying aloft the dish with the old-time boar's head, while others followed in his train bearing grotesquely inscribed banners and high-held dishes containing other emblematic absurdities. Not the least ridiculous sight in Mr. Schuyler's eyes was that of his own brother being carried in mimic reverence on a chair at the procession's head. As the procession at last broke rank Mr. Schuyler seized his chance.

"I must speak with you," he said, resolutely, drawing the king from his throne. "It is imperative. Come away with me quickly."

"Why not speak here?" asked James, indolently. He was vexed at this persistence. "Have you bad news for me?"

"I don't know what you may call it."

James Schuyler glanced at his brother with a kind of tolerant affection. "It can't be very bad. Your wife's all right or you wouldn't be here. You show for yourself, so every one I care for is excluded; and if it's money, it would rather amuse me than otherwise to find myself a pauper. It would give me something to do."

"Only to ask 'God bless me and my wife, and my brother George and his wife,' would include more than you do."

"So," said James quickly, and with lowered voice. He puckered his lips into a whistle. "Sets the wind in that quarter? It's Sara, is it? Go on."

"This is not the place to speak, but since you insist I must be abrupt. How many children have you, James, and when did you see them last? I have a reason for asking. Don't evade me as usual."

"I will not. I have two children, a boy and a girl. The boy I don't remember particularly; he was a good infant, but profoundly uninteresting, both to his mother and to me—continually reminded me of you, by the way. I named him for you. The girl was a little beauty. The last time I saw her was when Sara decided to leave me in France and return to her people in England."

"Was it she who deserted you, then?" asked the younger brother hopefully.

James shrugged his shoulders.

"It happened so, but if she had not gone then, I should later. I took my family to the steamer in proper marital fashion, and saw them off. I remember that the little girl peeped out and smiled at me through the port-hole. She was like the most exquisite miniature. I have never forgotten that lovely child's face, framed in the round setting. In fact, she is the only one of the party I ever regretted. Have I told you all you want to know?"

"Was that last remark born of fatherly interest, or artistic feeling only? Would you really care to see the child again?" He interrupted himself with a start—"Good God! there she is."

"Who is?" said James turning.

A chorus of shouts drowned their voices, and the band above them had burst out into a tumult of dance-music. The masqueraders were all crowding into the middle of the room.

"You must pardon me, your Majesty," said one of the revelers, drawing near with mock reverences and mincing steps, "but mirth lagged and as I by chance discovered the surprise you were holding back for us, I loosed it at once and here it is."

"Good God!" muttered George again.

He drew his brother to the edge of the circle which had formed and thrust a way through for them both. In the midst of the ring of laughing, admiring spectators he saw little Fairy leaping and twirling, her small feet flying, and her eyes glowing with elation, as her father's had on the mummies' stage. The heavy beat of the brass band seemed to stimulate her to something more than the usual immature grace of childish dancing. The blood of artist dancers in her veins answered hotly to the applause and shouts of "Bravo." The motions of her arms and bird-like head and eyes were in such perfect accord with her weaving feet as to make each step a wonderfully harmonious movement for the whole body. George Schuyler, aghast as he was, paused fascinated, gazing at the inspired little dancer. Adding a final touch to the fantastic scene, the child's flying feet were followed by the little boy, who was vainly striving to catch and hold her. He pursued her about the circle with clumsy motions and groping hands which she easily avoided by springing to right or left, light as a butterfly and mischievous as a kitten. The entire left side of the boy's face was masked clown-like by a coating of thick white paint spotted with red, and his odd clothing, half of one color, half of another, carried out too faithfully the clown appearance; but despite disguise his face as plainly expressed a distressed determination to hold his sister as hers a mischievous play to avoid him.

"You are a princely king of misrule," said the reveler who had spoken before. "The clown is fair, sir king, but the girl is an inspiration. I ventured to add that touch of paint to the clown's face. We had some difficulty in persuading him to his part until you gave the word, but the girl was wild from the time she heard the music."

"Be careful," whispered George in his brother's ear. "Those are your two children."

He could not be sure that James had heard him, for at that moment the little boy caught sight of George Schuyler and ran to his side.

"Oh, did you bring us here for this?" he cried, with the pitiful acceptance of one used to being disposed of as others wished. "They told me you did. I wanted to wait for you, but I couldn't hold Fairy back."

Before George could answer, the king of misrule had broken through the circle and picked up the pursuit where the boy dropped it. He seized the little sprite by the waist in one of her bounds, and lifting her yet higher, set her on his shoulder.

"Who dares to anticipate my surprises?" he cried, looking around. "Out of my way, there, subjects."

He forced his way through the laughing circle, and then for a moment hesitated, when George, grasping his purpose, caught up the boy and made his way to his brother's side.

"This way," he whispered, as, closely pursued by the crew of misrule, they rushed down the hallway and just in time

flung to the door of the little cloak-room between themselves and their followers.

"Now," said James, coolly turning the key in the lock, unmindful of shouts from without and blows rained upon the door. "Now, I suppose I am in the bosom of my family, if what you say is true."

"Look at them, and tell me what you think."

James dropped into a chair with little Fairy on his knee and took her flushed face between his two hands. There was admiration, but nothing paternal, that George could detect, in his look. However, he stooped and kissed the child before he set her on the floor.

"That's the same little face that looked out of the port-hole," he said. "Run off and play with your brother. There are some chess-men in that box in the corner. Wait a moment." This to the boy, whom he caught by the arm as he passed. He laughed and released him after a brief look at the undaubed side of the boy's face.

"More like you than ever," he said.

"So Janet thinks," George answered.

"Janet? What does she know about the children? Has she seen them?"

Mr. Schuyler remembered his wife's message.

"It was she who found them, and she who told me to bring them to you with her love as her old Christmas gift to you."

"Dear old Janet," said the brother-in-law, with more feeling than he had yet shown. "She is the only woman in the world whom I respect, and she's the only being in this world, I honestly believe, who respects me or expects any good of me. Be sure you thank her for me, George. Don't forget. And now, how did she find them?" he asked curiously. "What are they doing on this side of the water? Have you got Sara hidden somewhere behind the arras?"

It was not very much that George knew, but that little he told with all the quiet passion of his nature, dwelling on his wife's discovery of the unfortunate condition of the children, the neglect and evident unhappiness of the boy, and the education of the girl as a public dancer. He was indignant when, as he ended, James burst into a peal of loud laughter, evidently long suppressed.

"Oh, Sara—Sara," said the amused husband. "It's the same old Sara. Clever is no word for her. And dear old Janet has played straight into her hands. It's queer how strong a weakness can be. I always had a weakness for Sara, and I feel it again now. You can't understand? Well, no, you wouldn't unless you knew Sara. She's tired of this way of living and wants me back again, that's all. She's followed me over here. No, she doesn't need money. She ran through all I left her in short season, to be sure, but she's been banking on my lawyer with my permission and connivance ever since. Lately she hasn't asked for money, so I knew some scheme would develop sooner or later. This is it. Mark my words. The girl was sent to Madame Jeanne purely because Sara discovered that your wife went there. The lesson was timed to follow hers. It's all a careful plan of Sara's. That boy's clothing, too—look at it! A mere ruse, and rather too elaborate a one, to catch Janet's compassionate eye. Those are no remnants. Sara deliberately bought the two pieces off the rolls."

He spoke with a certain pride which George answered with horror in his voice.

"Do you mean that you think your wife has deliberately sacrificed both your children to a ruse to gain your attention, when she could as well have openly sought you?"

"That's about it," said the undisturbed father, "but Sara knows me better than you do. I like cleverness. I might not have been found if sought openly. As it is, the boy, she wouldn't have hesitated to sacrifice—she never cared for him—and the girl will only be improved by knowing how to dance like a fire-fly. I think I never saw such child-dancing."

He glanced at the corner where the two listless children were obediently pretending to play with the chess-men. Their docility hurt George Schuyler, as it had his wife.

"What will you do with the poor little things?" he asked, compassionately.

The father stood looking at them, thinking with a lazy slowness.

"Do you know," he said, "I have almost decided to be amiable and play into Sara's hands as meekly as Janet did. Suppose I were to steal the children to-night and take them home with me. I can send word to Sara that I have them. I suppose you have her address?"

"Yes," answered George, shortly.

"Good. She will then play the frantic mother, I the newly awakened father. Neither will be able to bear parting with the children, and so in a day or two, perhaps, we shall all four sail for Europe together, and come back after several years, respectable members of society. What do you think of that programme?"

George rose from his chair.

"I think," he said, "that the whole affair is about as indelicate and unfeeling as anything I ever heard. Why can't you go to your wife and talk with her?"

James rose also, with undisturbed good nature, his hands in his pockets.

"I don't expect you to see it our way," he said, "but you ought to remember that, after all, Sara and I are not a very delicate or feeling pair—at least not as you and Janet are. Sara does not know how to come to me or I to go to her. It takes all kinds of men and women to make a world. To be honest, if it is any comfort to you, I have a sneaking feeling of pleasure in thinking of becoming a family man again. I told you I wanted something to do. Neither Sara nor I are so young as we once were. We shall quarrel less, I fancy. I have the idea, from hints my mediating lawyer has dropped, that each of us has been for some time stabling a calf bursting with the fat of forgiveness, all ready for the other to eat, but each of us, you see, wanted his or her own calf eaten. I know I feel kindly enough toward Sara, and I think she has arranged to avoid eating either calf rather cleverly. I am grateful to her for it."

A large clock outside in the hall struck twelve with booming strokes, aided by heavy echoes from the brass kettles of the band.



Drawn by Miss G. A. Davis.

What were the houses of fashion in New York a generation ago are now tenements of the poor. Many of the old carvings and faded decorations still remain, and it is easy to summon the ghosts of the old home even to places where poverty is now the only occupant.

A DREAM OF THE OLD TENANTS.
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MEMORIES.

DRAWN BY L. W. HITCHCOCK.
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James held out his hand to his brother.

"It's the opening of another year for me," he said. "I am in earnest in my way, George. You can't write clearly on a blotting-pad, and that's the stuff I'm made of. But I am tired of this old leaf, and evidently Sara is also. We'll flutter over a new leaf. I can't promise much for it, either, but will try it. I'll purge and live cleanly as a gentleman, and I think I shall enjoy the little girl. She shall dance for me at night, after coffee. Tell Janet I appreciate her gift."

"And the boy?" asked George, still holding his brother's hand. "Janet had more anxiety for him than for the girl. He has not even been taught his letters."

"Well, as you tell me he doesn't even know his a b c's, I think a boarding-school will be best for him. Yes, you can tell Janet that the girl will sail with us and the boy will go to a boarding-school. I hope I play the thoughtful father to your satisfaction, George. What a pity you lost your boy. You and Janet are born parents. She has never been quite the same since then, has she?"

George Schuyler's face changed. He dropped his brother's hand.

"Suppose—" he began quickly, then checked himself. "Never mind. I wish you a good voyage, James, in all its meanings. I will give your message to Janet. Good-night."

He turned to the door, unlocked it and went out abruptly.

For a moment James stood perplexed. "Now, what was George going to say?" he thought aloud. "What upset him?" Suddenly he hurried to the door and flung it open, calling down the hall, "George—George, I have something to propose to you."

Between George Schuyler and his wife there was but one subject of real difference, and that lay in a lower drawer of her bureau, to which she kept the key. More than once, coming into the room hastily, Mr. Schuyler had found his wife dropping tears upon some little garments that lay folded away in that drawer, and more than once he had threatened to turn the lock and keep the key himself. It was before this forbidden drawer that Mrs. Schuyler was sitting alone when the clock struck twelve on old Christmas night. On her knees lay one tiny tumbled garment, which she touched now and then with a reverence that was like passion. In the sleeves of the gown were fastened a pair of gold armlets like those little Fairy had worn. The drawer was full of such garments, all white and immaculate; only this one bore slight marks of wear, and Mrs. Schuyler was sitting with it on her knees as by an open grave. She had so sat since her husband left her, wrapped in her memories. It was his returning footsteps on the stair outside

that at last roused her suddenly. She closed the drawer with guilty haste, looking in the mirror at her flushed face, but had only time to wipe the fresh tears from her cheeks when the door opened. Forcing a smile, she went to meet her husband. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Did all go well?"

Mr. Schuyler did not seem to notice her emotion. He came to her, took her two hands in his, and then she saw the agitation in his own face.

"What have you there?" asked Mr. Schuyler, looking down. The tumbled garment which had lain on her knees, and which she had forgotten in her haste, fell to the ground between the husband and wife. With a hurt cry Mrs. Schuyler stooped to lift it, but her husband held her.

"Let it lie," he said, tenderly.

He looked closely at her. "So you have been grieving to-night again. Look up at me, dearest. I have something to tell you—something to show you. Are you strong enough to be surprised?"

Without waiting for an answer he hurried to the door and opened it. On the threshold outside stood the little boy, still in the clown costume, with his small face stained with tears and paint, and his lips quivering as pitifully as when Mrs. Schuyler had first seen him in Madame Jeanne's dancing-hall. He looked up at them with swimming eyes.

"This is the return Christmas gift James sends you," said Mr. Schuyler, excitedly. "Do you understand, Janet? James sends him to you."

Mrs. Schuyler glanced from him back to the child, bewildered.

"To me?"

"To you," repeated her husband, deliberately. "As a free gift to you, offered freely and unconditionally, unless it pains you to accept him as yours. Shall you want to take him, dear?"

"Oh, do take me!" wailed the child suddenly. "Don't anybody at all want me?"

He was trembling from head to foot with unchildlike emotion, and with a cry of compassion Mrs. Schuyler fell on her knees, gathering him into her arms and rocking him like a baby on her breast, taking him to her with broken words that did not need to be articulate. Her husband started as he recognized the mother-note in her voice. Once before he had heard that tone, and believed he never would again. He looked back at the little garment forgotten on the floor, then, moving softly, lifted it and hid it away in the drawer.

He smiled as he heard his wife's glad voice calling him.

"Oh, come," she cried. "What are you waiting for? I want to share my Christmas gift with you."

He had been gone six months, but the hue and cry had scarcely abated, and he might be apprehended any moment.

She threw off her hat and went up to the fourth floor.

Jim's mother was swinging back and forth in her rocking-chair, her eyes sodden and red. The old man was at the table, the great family Bible open before him, as she had so often seen it. Over the mantel was a faded photograph of Jim, taken when he was a small boy. Maggie's eyes saw that first of all.

"Come in," Mrs. Maxson

said, glancing meekly at her husband.

He paid no attention, going on with his reading.

Maggie went in and closed the door, for the boys were at her heels.

"I thought I'd run up a minute," she explained; "I've taken yesterday's work home and I've brought home to-day's. My arms always tremble for a while after I carry the big bundles, so I came up till they get right. Ain't it warm?"

The old woman nodded and wiped her eyes, which were not wet—it was a habit with her since she cried so much.

Maggie sat down, and there was silence.

"You're not working to-day, Mr. Maxson?" she said after a while.

"No," he answered laconically, and turned a page of the Bible. Then the silence fell again. All at once the old man rose to his feet.

"I suppose," he said, addressing himself to Maggie, "you've heard what's happened? That man's come back."

"You mean your son," she returned, sharply.

"He's no son of mine," was the reply. "See here!" He brought the Bible over to her and turned to the record of births. "His name is scratched out—a counterfeiter, a man whose hands are steeped in blood."

"My boy!" sobbed the old woman, "my boy!"

"Mother!" corrected her husband. She quailed before his voice.

"He's no son of mine," he went on. "This book tells me of such as he, and I abide by it. I have sworn what I would do if he ever came my way, and I will do it."

"You mean," said Maggie Orne, "that you will inform on him?"

"Yes," he answered. "He is anathema maranatha. He knows me, and he braves me. Let him come; if the police do not arrest him I will."

"He never made counterfeit money himself," persisted the girl. "He was poor, and tempted by a rogue to pass it. And as for the blood on his hands, he struck a man down who was terribly annoying a helpless woman."

"There were other means."

"They were not near at hand at the time."

"I say it was attempted murder. He hated the man because it was *you* who was the woman annoyed. He has maimed the man for life, and the law holds him accountable."

"A jury would never convict him of being a counterfeiter or of attempting murder."

"If all the juries under heaven acquitted him, I would still hold him guilty."

"The juries under heaven are not all. There is a Judge in heaven."

The old man paused and looked at her.

"Do not blaspheme," he said. "Nor will I argue with you. I know the difference between guilt and innocence. His crimes smell in my nostrils. I have sworn that I will give him up if he crosses my path. There is nothing more to be said about it to me, his father, whose teachings and sacrifices for him went for naught with him."

He went back to his reading at the table. His wife rocked herself. Maggie Orne turned to her.

"You're not feeling well?" she said.

"Well!" repeated the old woman, querulously. "I'll never be well. I'm the same I've been any time this six months. Well! I'm so weak I can hardly go about."

"Tell her," called out the old man, "she ought to take the air."

"Take the air" his wife echoed. "Me take the air and be pointed at as Jim Maxson's mother, the man the police are lookin' for! Me take the air!" And she relapsed into silence.

Maggie's coats awaited her—she must work. She rose, and without a word went down to her machine.

At her work, of course, her one thought was of the man who loved her. She had not been able to love him, and yet he had protected her and put himself outside the pale of society for her sake. All his life he had given sorrow to those who loved him, and still he had done so much for her. She could not love him, but she could be kind to his mother, who was so frail and weak. As for his father, he was hard and unforgiving. But then she, too, had been hard on Jim until that time he had so valiantly protected her. But love him? Her machine whirled and whirled; it was night before it stopped. She would rest a while, and go up to the fourth floor.

Mrs. Dougherty was on the stairs with her beer-kettle.

"Those young ones of mine," she laughed. "They even made a fire under the stairs and played fire-department. Jimmy's makin' believe he's a burnt lady goin' to the hospital. I say, I guess there wasn't nothin' in that report about Jim Maxson comin' back. Always some report or other."

Maggie went up to the Maxsons'. It might have been that she had been but a minute away from the old couple—the wife rocked in her chair, the husband read the Bible at the table.

Maggie placed herself at the old woman's feet and put her head in her lap. The old woman smoothed the girl's hair. She smoothed and smoothed. Then Maggie's eyes closed, opened, closed, and she slept. The old man turned up the lamp and moved the Bible close to it. His wife smoothed and smoothed Maggie's hair.

Then the strokes became intermittent, ceased, and she, too, slept. All at once the old woman woke with a start.

"What is it?" cried Maggie, jumping to her feet.

The old man was at the door. "He is here," he said. The women understood. "I have locked the passage door, too."

"Oh," wailed the old woman, "and the door is shut."

"It will not be opened to him," replied her husband. "So much I'll grant you. But as sure as there's a God, I'll give him up if he crosses that sill."

And then there came a low knock on the door of the passage outside. The old woman caught the girl.

"Jim," called out Maggie, "go away. Your father is here; he swears he'll give you up."

"There is fire," said the voice. "Open the door."

"A ruse," dryly said the old man. "A liar, too."

The old woman shot up.

"Let him in," she commanded.

"Never," said her husband.

There was a crash outside; the door of the passage was down. The voice was outside the door of the room.

"Mother!" it said. "Mother!"

The old woman dropped to her knees.

"James," she pleaded, "our boy, our only child, named after you. Open the door, open it."

"Never," said her husband. "Remember, you are my wife." She sprang to her feet.

"I am the mother of my boy," she said.

A great strength seemed to possess her; she seized her husband and whirled him from the door, had the knob in her hand, and the next moment had leaped into the arms of Jim and fainted.

"Maggie—father—" panted Jim. "The place is on fire; the children down stairs did it. Have you heard nothing? Haven't you smelt the smoke? The stairs are burning. Your chance is the fire-escape."

He rushed to the window with the old woman in his arms. Before going through the window he stooped and kissed his unconscious mother. Then he went out. The smoke poured in from the passage-way. Maggie went and closed the door. Then Jim was in the room again.

"Quick!" he said. "I've helped get the people out. They say they're all out but you and the dago woman in the next room. There's no time to lose."

"Never mind me," said Maggie; "look after your father."

"Touch me," cried old man Maxson, catching up a chair, "and I'll brain you."

"Maggie," said Jim, and the flame was eating at the door, the smoke thick, "you're friendly?"

"Jim," she returned rapidly, "you saved some of the people below?"

"I tried to. Yes, I did."

"Tell me—you believe in God?"

"Father's God?"

"A God that pities and understands; the God that has kept me from going wrong."

"If there is one like that. But, Maggie, you're my friend, no matter what I've been, ain't you?"

"Friend!" she echoed. "There, save your father; he's not fit to die."

Jim sprang at his father. The chair was raised in the air, and descended. There was blood on Jim's forehead. But he had grasped the old man, and had him at the window, where the firemen were raising a ladder.

The SALVATION of JIM MAXSON

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Now there would be some fun; now that Jim had come home, old man Maxson would do what he had said he would do—deliver Jim up to the authorities if he came within his reach.

Even the Dougherty children, playing with matches on the stairway, knew there would be fun. Mrs. Dougherty came out and slapped the children for wasting the matches, and stopped to tell the news to the dago woman, who couldn't understand a word of English, but who laughed and took off her gay neckerchief and said "Caldo."

"Cold!" echoed Mrs. Dougherty, "and the thermometer ninety in the shade."

"Caldo," repeated the dago woman, fanning herself with her kerchief, "Caldo."

The boys in the house improvised errands up to the fourth floor and reported that old man Maxson had not gone out to work, and that his wife was sitting in her rocking-chair and crying, as usual.

Mr. O'Connor, who was waiting for politics to take him up, said that old man Maxson carried things too far, just like these religious cranks; just because Jim had been roped in by a shover of the queer, and at the same time was "wanted" for cracking the head of that flash fellow who had so annoyed Maggie Orne by following her daily when she took home her work, it was no reason that his father should be his worst enemy. Mr. O'Connor said that the old man hadn't sand enough to do anything himself, and if Jim had too much, why it only equalized matters.

Maggie Orne heard the news last of all. She was always too busy with her sewing-machine to pay attention to anything else. She was a pale, tall young woman, who ought to have been pretty and was not, dull-eyed, thin and worn. That day she made a great bundle of her coats and staggered down stairs with them, and on to the shop. She brought home another bundle of coats equally large; these were unfinished coats, and must be completed by to-morrow this time. On her way to her room she was stopped by Mrs. Dougherty. "I never see such young ones as mine," laughed that lady. "I've took the matches from 'em, and now they've got the lamp. They haven't got over Fourth of July. Did you hear Jim Maxson's round the neighborhood? I wonder what the old man'll do?" Maggie struggled up to her room with her coats and laid them on the bed. There was a strange feeling in her heart; Jim was running awful risks in exposing himself, and she knew why he took those risks. It was to catch a chance glimpse of her.



"'He's no son of mine.' He brought the Bible over to her and turned to the record of births."

"I won't help you, Jim," said Maggie, her hands pressed together, her lips smiling. "Save him!"

Jim got his father along, inch at the time, the old man struggling wildly, till he reached the window and the ladder, when he picked him up bodily and disappeared in the dense smoke outside.

Maggie did not move. She heard a shout from the street, and she knew the people saw Jim on the ladder with his father. A short silence, then another shout—Jim had the old man down. She reached and grasped the hem of her frock that was on fire, and stripped out the flame as though she wrung out water. It was stifling in the room. The glass dropped from the photograph of Jim over the mantel. And then a face like white flame was at the window, and Jim was beside her.

"Save the dago woman," said Maggie. "I won't help you." He urged her toward the window. "There's the ladder, Maggie," he said. "And be quick, for it's burning." She got to the window sill, knowing that he looked at her wistfully.

"Jim," she said, "you must believe in that God I spoke of, who understands and pities."

"Your God, Maggie?" he asked. "Why, I'll have to if you tell me to. Get out of this house—hurry."

"I don't care for myself," she said; "life isn't everything. You've done what a pure man might do this night—helped the helpless."

"And you're friendly to me, Maggie?"

She reached and took his face between her hands and kissed him upon the lips, once, twice.

"Go save that woman," she said. As she went from him down the ladder she knew that he tore through the fire to the hallway.

The people in the street saw him with the woman at the window. The ladder had burned away.

"Let her drop," voices below cried up to him. "We're holding a bed to catch her. Let her drop." Then the woman fell and was caught.

A moment more and the wind moved the thick veil of smoke aside for an instant. They saw him standing in the window, a solitary figure lit up by fire on each side of him and back of him.

Maggie Orne, down in the street, saw him thus. The smile was still on her lips. To this day she believes that he saw her there.

"Jim!" she shrieked in a glad voice. "Jim!"

He heard her above all the uproar, for far aloft came an answer she could not have mistaken—

"Maggie!"

Then there was a horrified cry from the crowd, as the roof fell in where the walls crumbled, and the figure at the window lurched back into the awful redness within, which would never give him up again.

"He is lost," said a voice.

"He is saved!" Maggie cried out. Her eyes were like diamonds; she was beautiful.

CHRISTMAS PLAYTHINGS.

ALL day, Christmas toys about—
Noah's ark turned inside out,
Tripped on wooden Ham and Shem,
Cracked the hickory heart of them,
Waylaid by the kangaroo
And the whole of Noah's crew,
Horse and rider, grand and gay,
Blocking oft my hurried way;
Then, my patience fairly gone,
"This will never do, my son;
Take your playthings from the floor,
That I needs must stumble o'er,
Or, you heed me, youngster, I,
My own self, will put them by."

Raised he then his little head.
"Mamma, don't be cross," he said,
Came and stood beside my knee,
Fixed his blue eyes full on me;
"Maybe 'nother Christmas day,
You won't have a boy to play."

Cunning archer! straightly sent,
To its mark the arrow went.

"Mamma won't be cross, my dear,
Only keep a pathway clear"
(Now my voice was soft and low),
"Mamma has her work, you know."
Make-up pat and hug and kiss,
Most unwise, but after this
Stepped I light 'twixt Ham and Shem,
Careful not to tread on them;
Smiled at Noah and his crew,
Glad when loud the tin horn blew;
When a warrior horse, full tilt,
On my toes its rider spilt,
Gayly laughed to hide the pain,
Set its rider up again.

When the night came softly down—
Christmas night, o'er all the town—
Where the Sandman lured away

Tired laddie from his play,
Still the random speech sore felt,
With strange gentleness I knelt,
Gathered up with patient hand
Ancient Noah and his band,
Drum and horn and playthings all,
Led the gray steed to his stall,
Stood beside my darling's bed,
Smiled to see him lift his head
Sleepily, again to say,
"We've had lovely times to-day."

Christmas-tide has come once more,
But no playthings strew the floor;
Waits in vain the steed of gray
For its rider grand and gay.
Little prophet! did he see
Things God wisely hid from me?—
See the blessed angel-way,
He would keep this Christmas day?

M. PHELPS DAWSON.

OLD MISSOURI

By J. L. HARBOUR.

No words could adequately describe the depression that fell upon Camp Vanity after the boom died out. It was like unto the deadly dejection that follows the prolonged carousal of the debauchee. It had in it the sadness of so many high hopes that had been defeated, so many fair dreams that had come to naught. The deserted cabins, the long, dark tunnels and deep shafts, told sorrowful tales of lost endeavor and thwarted expectation.

Camp Vanity's boom had been a fleeting thing at best. It had lasted through but one short Colorado summer, but in that evanescent time a gulch and a mountain side that had been trod by the feet of but a single man became the abiding-place of nearly three thousand souls. Fifty miles from a railroad, and accessible at first only by rough and even perilous trails, Camp Vanity had become the Mecca of three thousand eager and hopeful pilgrims, many of whom were restless, unbalanced spirits who would have been unhappy in any fixed abiding-place.

There was one man in Camp Vanity who witnessed its growth with scowling disfavor, and its decline with smiling, but grim, complacency. This man was Old Missouri. His were the first footsteps that had ever left their imprint in the gulch. His cabin had been built on a lofty ledge, far above the gulch, years before there had been a tent or a cabin on what afterward became the site of Camp Vanity.

He had inwardly resented it when two prospectors came wandering into the gulch one day and climbed up to his cabin. But he received them kindly, if not cordially, and offered them of his fare and a place at his fireside. They accepted both for a few days and then went down into the gulch, where they "struck it rich," and Camp Vanity was the result. "They give it a fittin' name," said Old Missouri, when, from his lofty ledge he saw the sure and steady decline that followed the "petering out" of the rich vein of silver the two prospectors had discovered, and the failure of others to find veins of permanency and value. "I didn't begrudge 'em anything they found, but I've lived alone so long I don't find it easy to fellowship with anybody now."

Missouri was, as the name the miners had given him indicated, his native State, and he still professed fealty to that "land o' hog and hominy," as he expressed it.

"It's whar I want my bones to be laid if I never git thar in the flesh," he said, in his more communicative moments. He had not the loquaciousness of the average rural Missourian. He was reticent regarding his past and his future. The days of his youth were long past. He was grizzled and uncouth. His hands bore evidence of years of toil. But his deep-set gray eyes could sparkle with a kindly light, and his smile was singularly sweet and winning.

The men in Camp Vanity who had come to know Old Missouri spoke of him as "a queer old cuss," and no one felt drawn toward him.

The value of town lots and newly staked out claims in the gulch began to depreciate in August, and so swift was the camp's decline, that by the first of October nine-tenths of the population had gone down the trails and out of the gulch, and Old Missouri, looking down on the fleeing ones, had said again and again:

"They give the place a fittin' name—Camp Vanity. They couldn't hev hit on a more appropriate name 'cordin' to the Good Book's meanin' o' the word. Thar hopes has been mighty vain, an' most of 'em has been turned into vexation of speerit, pore devils!"

When the still shorter November days died away into the darkness of night, Old Missouri could see but eight or nine lights in the whole town of Camp Vanity. All of the dark cabins were deserted, and Camp Vanity would soon be nothing but a memory in the minds of men. The stage came into the gulch but once a week now, and it would come less often later on.

Old Missouri's winter supplies were stowed away snugly in his little storehouse, and he might not leave the ledge for

months to come. The rear end of the cabin was set squarely against the face of the mountain, and the storehouse was a little tunnel or cave, run a few feet into the mountain. Sometimes, when there was danger of snow-slides, Old Missouri slept in this little cave. His cabin had two rooms, and it was built of hewn logs; it was neater within and without than the cabin of the average miner. He had lived in it twenty years. He was but thirty-one years old when he wandered into the gulch, his heart filled with bitter memories, his faith in humankind at an end, and his faith in God wavering. None of the high hopes that had been buried in the secret recesses of human hearts in Camp Vanity could equal in bitterness of remembrances the buried hopes of Old Missouri's life. He mourned and rebelled over them through all the years of his solitary exile.

When his loneliness weighed heaviest on him he thought of the time "back in old Missouri" when he had had the sweet companionship of a wife whom he loved and trusted with as pure and fervent an affection as ever filled the heart of man. The prattle of his baby girl had been sweeter music than he would hear again this side of Paradise. He had had the strongest affections, and they had been wasted on a woman who had been unworthy of them and of him.

Returning one day after an absence of several days spent away from home, he had found his home deserted, and a brief and cruel note from his wife in which she had said that she had made a mistake in marrying him, and that she had gone far away with the man whom she truly loved. She had taken her baby with her.

Three hours after he had read this note a neighbor found the cruelly deceived husband wandering in the woods, calling out like an insane man and laughing wildly. Weeks of fever and delirium followed, and when he was well again he left his home forever and started on a long but hopeless search for the man who had destroyed his home and his happiness. He never wanted to see his wife again, but the memory of his child was still dear and sweet to him, and he went to sleep every night seeing in the darkness a vision of a baby face, and a pair of baby arms were around his neck in his dreams.

In a chest in the cabin was a pistol that had been loaded twenty-three years for the man who had destroyed this lonely man's home and driven him into exile. Time had lessened the first wild fury of his wrath, but whenever he looked at the pistol his face and his eyes hardened, and he said, grimly:

"I'll use it yet if ever he crosses my path, an' I'll tear him limb from limb afterward, I will!"

Sometimes he would sit before his cabin fire thinking of this man who had been his chosen and trusted friend. With the gleaming pistol in one hand and his wife's cruel note in the other, he would brood over the unhappy past until he could hardly restrain himself from rushing out into the darkness and beginning the search anew.

He had visions of his daughter as he sat gazing into his cabin fire on the long and wildly stormy winter nights. He thought of her as looking as her mother had looked at twenty-three, the age at which he had married her. She had been the prettiest girl in the country.

November waned into December, and Camp Vanity lay half buried under the snow that only the summer sun would melt. It lay smooth and white across the gulch, and from base to summit of every mountain within range of the eye. It reached in billowy drifts to the branches of the pines, and changed great black boulders into snowy-white hillocks, soft and graceful in form. It dazzled the eye when the sun shone, and gave to all the world within reach of the eye a marvelous, indescribable beauty on moon-lit nights.

Old Missouri stood out on the ledge and looked down on Camp Vanity one wild and bitter night. He could see the blue smoke curling up from seven or eight cabins down among the pines. It had been months since he had trod Camp Vanity's stony, deserted streets, and none of the residents of the camp had climbed up to his cabin since September. Then two or three of the men whom he had learned to like came up to bid him good-bye, and Old Missouri's interest in the camp and its inhabitants ended with their departure. He knew nor cared nothing about those that were left. But as he stood and looked down on the camp, half buried in the snow, something in the utter dreariness and forlornness of its appearance appealed to his kindly instincts.

"I hope there ain't any wimmen or children winterin' down there," he said. "It'd be a mighty dreary place for 'em."

He thought of his own baby as he spoke. He had in his

cabin some of the toys his baby had played with. Some of them had been broken by her tiny hands, and he had gathered them up as he had gathered up the remnants of his lost happiness to sorrow over them in secret and in silence.

"The Lord forbid that there should be any little ones down there!" he said again. "It's not a fit place for wimmen an' children, an' it ain't no ways likely that there's any there."

He went into his cabin and from a window watched the short day draw to a close. He saw the sun go down, a great red ball, behind Eagle Mountain. He saw the gulch below fill with long black shadows, while the mountain peaks were bathed in a rosy light. He saw the night come swiftly. Lights began to twinkle in the cabins in Camp Vanity. The shining stars came out. A crescent moon glittered for a moment seemingly on the summit of Eagle Mountain, behind which it disappeared. Black clouds came floating over the mountain-tops and hid the stars. The wind began to rise. Old Missouri could hear it roaring down in the gulch, and a flurry of snow dashed against the windows.

Old Missouri turned to the great roaring fire in his chimney with an unusual sense of physical comfort. The floor of the cabin was covered with skins of wild animals slain by his own hands. The tidy room was aglow with the warm fire-light. Old Missouri abhorred dirt and disorder, and the most exacting housekeeper could have found little to criticize in the thoroughness of his house-keeping.

He brought forth the box containing his baby's toys, and sat down on a black bear-skin rug before the fire with the box in his lap. There were other things beside the toys in the box—a pair of little blue stockings neatly darned at the toes and heels, and a little red shoe with holes in the toe, a string of blue glass beads and a little red knitted hood. He picked them up tenderly, and laid them in a little pile on the rug beside him. The little red shoe was pressed to his bearded lips before he laid it down. There were two wet spots on the red leather when he laid the shoe down on the little red hood. He was still looking at it when the door behind him opened suddenly and violently. He turned and saw his cabin doorway darkened for the first time since its existence by the presence of a woman.

She closed the door and stood with her back to it, panting for breath, with one hand pressed to her breast. She wore a long black cloak with a cape, and a shawl tied over her head almost concealed her face. She brushed back a few stray locks of yellow hair that the wind had blown over her face, and then she said:

"I—I—beg your pardon for not knocking, but—but—I was so cold, and the fire-light looked so—so—good. I've come up from the camp to beg of you to go for the doctor or to come and do something for my father. He's sick, dreadfully sick, down there in the camp. He hasn't been well for a long time, and he has been taken violently ill since dark. All of the men in the camp have gone over to Crystal City to a dance, and my father and I are the only living souls beside yourself in the gulch to-night. I've heard that you had a kind heart. Won't you try to do something for a man who seems sick unto death?"

"I'd be a wicked man than I ever expect to be if I refused to go to a fellow-creature sick an' suff'rin' an' alone. But it seems to me you need some 'tention first. You're shiv'rin' with cold. Come to the fire, child."

He took her by one of her cold hands and led her to the fire and seated her in a big, rude, but comfortable chair of pine boards covered with bear skins.

"You came up here all alone from Camp Vanity?" said Old Missouri. "Lord bless ye, child, how did ye ever do it? It's more'n most men could have done, sheltered as the trail is."

"I hardly know how I got here," she said, wearily. "But I felt that I must. I was on the point of giving up three or four times, but I'd catch glimpses of the light in your cabin and press on. I had a lantern but it gave out, and I let it fall and it slid away in the darkness. The fire feels so good. I was so cold."

"Take off your cloak, child, an' your shawl. The snow's meltin' on them. Let me untie the shawl. Your fingers are numb still."

He untied the shawl with his own hands and lifted it from her head. A log in the fire-place fell forward and a sudden jet of flame filled the room with a strong light. Old Missouri dropped to his knees and stared so wildly into the girl's face that she started up in affright. He seized her hand and said, imploringly:

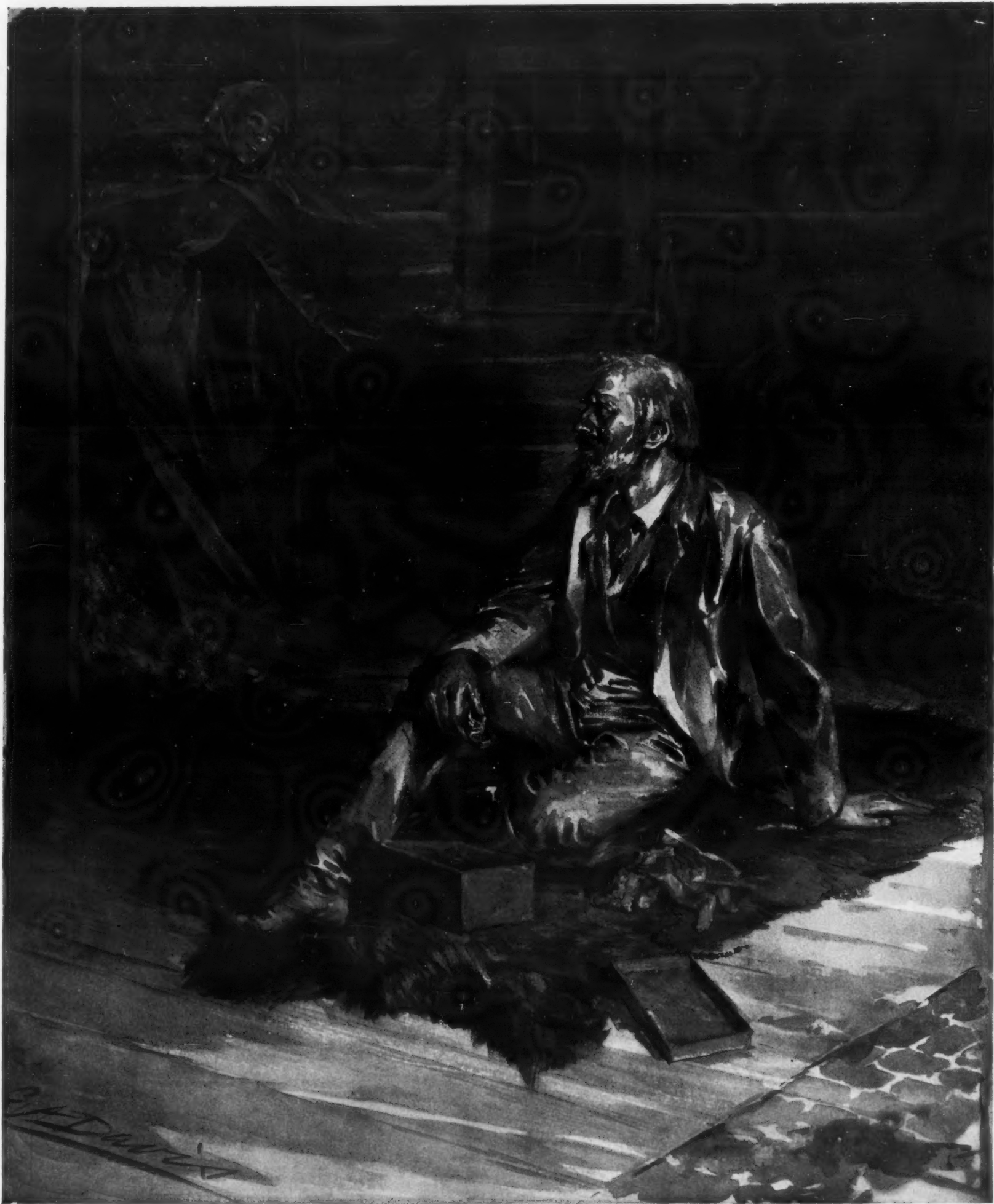
"Don't be frightened, my—my child. I wouldn't harm ye nor let harm come to ye fer all the world. Sit down an' let me look at ye. You remind me so of some one I—I—loved, some one I ain't seen fer years an' years."



See poem on opposite page.

CHRISTMAS PLAYTHINGS.
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Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.



"He turned and saw his cabin doorway darkened for the first time since its existence by the presence of a woman."

He shaded his eyes with one hand and looked up into her face, saying more to himself than to her, but speaking aloud :

"Yes, yes ; the same eyes, the same hair, the same face that she had. The same droop to the corners of her mouth, the same face. It grows on me more an' more. My God, child ! I—I—you say that the sick man down in the camp is your father ?"

"Not my own father."

"No ? Oh, thank God ! thank God ! Don't be frightened, child, but I—I—oh, I'm afeerd, afeered to ask you your name. Is your first name—Nellie ?"

"Why, yes," she said in childish surprise. "How did you know ?"

He paid no heed to her question, but looked at her with wildly beating heart, with parted lips and staring eyes. He reached out his two hard and toil-worn hands slowly and took one of her hands between his own and held it to his heart.

His voice was but little more than a whisper as he said, slowly :

"And—your—other—name ?"

"Marvin."

He jumped to his feet and shrieked in mad fury.

"It's a lie ! a lie ! a lie ! They have given you his accursed name ! They have dared to do it ! I will kill him ! I will kill him !"

He stood before her with his long, strong arms stretched high above him and his head thrown back, while he stamped the floor in fury. The girl gave a little cry of affright, and he fell on his knees before her with his hands over his face, sobbing aloud.

He reached out one hand and stroked her hair gently, saying between his broken sobs :

"My child, my dear, dear child !"

He leaned forward and kissed her hand as it lay in her lap.

"My dear," he said gently, looking up into her face and

taking both of her hands in his, "do you see these little stockings here ? You wore them when you were a baby in my arms. Do you see these beads ? I remember the day I first clasped them around your neck. See this little red shoe ? I have worn it next my heart for months at a time since it covered your baby foot. You played with these broken toys when you were a child. These hands of mine carried you to your mother and laid you in her arms the first time she folded you to her breast. There is not a drop of Marvin blood in your veins. Your name and mine is Jordan—your name is Nellie Eloise Jordan."

"I know it," she said, simply. "My mother told me so just before she died."

"God rest her soul !" he said reverently, with uplifted hand.

"Your name was the last word she spoke—father."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

He knelt beside her with his arm around her, while she told him briefly of the wandering life she and her mother had led—a life of poverty and unrest and suffering.

"And he, this Marvin, was he good to you, dear?"

She looked into the fire and said as she stroked her father's hair:

"He is dying, father; I feel sure of it. Let the past be forgotten. God is his judge."

Old Missouri rose from his knees with tightly compressed lips and clinched fingers. He went into the inner room and came forth in a great fur coat and cap, a lantern in his mitted hand.

He stroked and kissed his daughter and said:

"Go to bed now, Nellie, girl. Don't wait for me to come back. I'm something of a doctor myself, but I may have to go 'way over to Crystal City for a better doctor than I be if he's real bad off. I'll begrudge the time because it'll keep me from you, my daughter."

He kissed her again and went out into the darkness and the storm. When he was a few rods from his cabin he thrust his hand into his great coat and brought forth something that gleamed in the lantern's light as he looked at it closely.

"It's in good shape," he said, grimly. "I bought it for him twenty-three years ago. I've kep' it loaded for him all these years. If he is sick I'll go clean to Crystal City for a doctor an' have 'im cured up for the privilege o' killin' 'im afterward. I ain't nussed my wrath an' been cheated out o' my revenge for twenty-three years to give it up at last."

He pressed on through the snow. He had to cross the gulch, and when he had reached the other side and saw on the

mountain slope above him a light in a single cabin of the camp he again drew forth his pistol and looked at it by the lantern's light.

At that moment the black clouds in the sky above him separated and the stars came out. He looked up at them for a moment and suddenly dropped his chin on his breast with one hand pressed over his eyes. His whole frame seemed to tremble. The lantern fell from his hand. Suddenly he dropped to his knees in the snow with both hands over his face. Then his hands and arms were outstretched to the skies, his face was upturned to the shining stars.

"O livin' God!" he said in a husky whisper, "O livin' God, have mercy on a man so wicked as to think of takin' a human life! Forgive the ingratitude of a father whose only child has been restored him through Thy love and mercy! Fill my heart with forgiveness toward this man who has so grievously sinned against me and mine. Give him rest unto his soul if his death hour is at hand. Give him peace, O livin' God! I forgive him as I hope to be forgiven for the sinful thoughts of my own heart through twenty-three unforgivin' years! Forgive me now, O livin' God!"

He rose to his feet, and, thrusting his hand into his coat, drew forth the pistol and flung it far from him in the darkness. Five minutes later he stood before the door of Joe Marvin's cabin. He lifted the latch and entered. The fire had burned low on the hearth, and a single candle burned on a rude pine table beside a bunk in which the sick man lay groaning.

"Who's that?" he asked, feebly.

"A friend," replied Old Missouri. He went forward and

bent over the sick man, who stared at him wildly for a moment. Then, with an effort that seemed to give him keen pain, he lifted himself to his elbow and said:

"Hold the candle closer to your face so that I—there! I see! Your face has changed in twenty-three years, but your voice ain't, Silas Jordan. I knew it the minute you spoke. I—I've always felt that I'd meet you face to face before I died, and that you'd kill me when that time came. Well, here I am. Death would have cheated you of your revenge if you'd come a little later. What you waiting for? Ain't you armed? My pistol's under my pillow."

He began to fumble for it, and Old Missouri said, gently:

"Let it stay there, Joe. No man could do me injury enough to cause me to lift my hand against him while he lay helpless before me. I ain't thinkin' o' what you reckon I'm thinkin', Joe. I'm tuinkin' o' the time when you an' I was boys together, back there in Old Missouri. Before God, Joe, I stand before you with nothin' in my heart but peace an' goodwill. I'd forgiven you ev'rythin' before I came into this cabin, an' there's my hand on it. Now what can I do for you, Joe?"

"Nothing," he said with a shake of his head, "unless—unless—you'll sit and hold my hand until—I go."

He spoke but once or twice after that, and then in the delirium of approaching death, but his hand was held tenderly and firmly in the rough, hard hand of the silent watcher by his bedside. It was not until the day had begun to dawn that his soul left his suffering body and passed out of the silent gulch and up above the mountain peaks to the living God, the Judge of all the earth!

The FATAL KNOTHOLE

By ERNEST JERROLD.

UPON the parlor wall of the Finn shanty hung a cheap chromo of the Christ. Upon the frame of the chromo was perched the stuffed body of an English sparrow. Its head was perched on one side in a listening attitude, while the tail stuck upward as if the feathery rudder were about to steer the plump body on an aerial journey. Pendent from the bill of the sparrow by a thread hung a small piece of pasteboard bearing the legend:

OUR LITTLE MARTER.

When alive the sparrow had been the pet of Mickey Finn, the ten-year-old son of a sturdy quarryman. The boy snared the bird one day with a slip-noose made of thread. The pugnacious disposition of the sparrow and the skillful manner in which it had used its beak upon his finger had awakened the boy's admiration, and he released it after a captivity of only one day. In order that he might recognize the bird if he chanced to see it again, he tied a blue ribbon around its neck. Mickey was delighted to see that the sparrow remained in the vicinity of the shanty. In the morning, when he fed the chickens, the bird flew down from the maple-tree to get its share of the meal. One morning Mickey missed the sparrow, but in the evening it returned and brought twenty other pugnacious and vituperative little bunches of feathers. This addition to his aviary filled the boy's heart with joy, and day by day the relations between him and the birds became more intimate. They grew so tame that they sat on his shoulder and ate from his hand.

As the weeks flew by the bird colony increased in numbers, until at the end of a month nearly two hundred sparrows used the yard in the rear of the shanty as a rendezvous and took advantage of Mickey's kindly hospitality. Every morning when the boy went out to milk the nanny-goat he saw sparrows everywhere, jawing away like garrulous women. They perched upon the fence-top, the roof of the shanty, and covered the chicken-coop with a cloud of feathers. And when he appeared with a dish of Indian meal in his hand there was a sudden uprising, a lifting of wings, which seemed to cloud the sun. When he had placed the pan of corn-meal near the door a savage rush was made for it, each sparrow fighting fiercely for more than its share. But it was Mickey's especial pleasure to watch the sparrow with the blue ribbon. She exercised a censorship over the noisy, quarrelsome flock, and while they were feeding she drove back the gluttons with her wings and sharp beak, and helped the weaker ones to secure a portion.

All day the sparrows twittered around the shanty, but at twilight they flew away over the hills, returning at sunrise with unfailing regularity. Mickey was sorely troubled over the disappearance of the birds. Several times as they flew away into the twilight he tried to follow them, but always without success, as the birds flew so fast that they were soon lost to sight in the gathering darkness and the distance. One evening, as the flock dipped over the brow of the hill, a quarter of a mile away, Mickey turned toward the shanty, saddened by the departure of his pets. Just as he opened the kitchen door a faint, far report smote his ear. He turned, and saw the sparrows flying back to the shanty. As they came nearer he saw a trail of feathers behind them, while the birds uttered little cries of alarm. When the flock reached the shanty in headlong flight, two of the sparrows turned somersaults in the air, and dropped, with outspread wings, dead into the yard. Three others were unable to stand when the flock alighted, and tumbled helplessly from the fence. Their legs were broken. When Mickey picked up one of the wounded birds a shot fell from its coat of feathers into his hand. He took them into the kitchen and tried, with bungling, boyish surgery, to bandage up their broken legs with the help of matches and cotton. But

the delicate birds had been too severely shocked. One by one they flew over the river into the calm land, and Mickey buried their bodies in the back yard, using a tomato-can for a coffin.

Then came the blizzard, sweeping down the valley from the Catskills. With vicious, snarling malignity it swept along, tearing shingles from the roofs, strewing its path with the limbs of trees, howling its rage with alternate hissings and bel-lows. As the twilight deepened, and the grim darkness of the night shut in the valley, the tempest grew more furious. It smote the Finn shanty like a solid, wrenching the window blinds from their fastenings. Whirlwinds as keen as a razor's edge came howling down the chimney, scattering glowing embers over the floor.

"Mickey, dear," said Mrs. Finn, "'tis a bitter night for the nanny and the chickens. Did ye take care o' thim?"

"Faith I did, mother," replied the boy. "Didn't I plug up the holes in the chicken-coop lasht week wid paper? There's only wan weeny hole in the door that'll do no harm. And the nanny has enough dried leaves and straw over her as'll do for a dozen like her."

The chicken-coop consisted of two parts. The larger portion was an open frame-work of lath, where the chickens scratched and exercised, while the smaller part was boarded up tightly to protect them in cold weather. Perched on a stick running across the coop were six Dominick hens, a Shanghai rooster, and a bantam rooster. The eager and biting air had caused the chickens to huddle close together for mutual warmth, but still they shivered as the blizzard sifted snow down upon them from cracks in the roof, until they were covered with a white blanket. Meanwhile, Mickey had forgotten the sparrows. He supposed they had flown back to their usual sleeping-places. But, frightened by the cruel shot, the little birds had remained around the shanty until the blizzard came. Then the force of the wind was so great that they were unable to fly against it, and they hovered around the shanty and the chicken-coop, hiding under the eaves and in sheltered spots. But as the night wore on the cold increased in intensity, until it was ten degrees below zero. The sharp breath of the blizzard searched its biting way through the downy feathers covering the breasts of the sparrows, and in an hour ten of them were frozen to death. All of the sparrows would have died ere morning had it not been for the discovery of a knot-hole in the chicken-coop by the sparrow with the blue ribbon. The glad news was imparted in bird language to the entire flock, and in a short time each sparrow had squeezed its body through the knot-hole into the comparative warmth of the coop. The intense cold had driven all fears of the chickens from the breasts of the sparrows, and with reckless hardihood they flew upon the stick where the chickens were perched. The bantam rooster muttered sleepily as three sparrows crawled between his legs and spread them apart, while the weight of eight shivering birds caused him to squat nearer to the perch. With much fluttering of wings by the sparrows, and gentle complainings on the part of the chickens, the birds all settled themselves for a comfortable night's sleep. But this did not suit the vicious blizzard.

The wind shifted its direction, and now it beat fiercely against the door of the coop. With malicious cruelty it sought out the knot-hole and sang through it a solo of devilish glee. And the air of the solo was filled with fine snow and sleet frozen hard as ground glass. This bitter, biting, insistent death-chill was driven through the knot-hole with a hideous shriek, like steam from a whistle. It smote the pyramid of feathers and sprayed it with icy crystals. It froze the comb of the Shanghai rooster and caused the bantam to shiver as with ague. It happened that the bantam rooster was perched right in line with the knot-hole and received the full force of the blast. One by one the sparrows between his legs and upon his back were overcome. Chilled to the heart, they fell to the ground with a soft thud. Suddenly the hole in the door was plugged up, the remaining birds settled themselves comfortably, and the mass of animate feathers dropped off into the land of dreams.

When the sun arose over the Berkshire Hills next morning the blizzard had spent its fury. The snow reflected back in dazzling radiance the rays of the rising sun. When Mickey

opened the door of the shanty at six o'clock, to feed the chickens and milk the nanny before going to school, he was almost buried under an avalanche of snow, which had piled against the door during the night. He forced his way through the drift and, panting with exertion, reached the chicken-coop. As he placed his hand on the hasp to open the door his eye was caught by the flutter of a piece of blue ribbon from the knot-hole. The ribbon was around the neck of a sparrow into whose sightless eyes beat the glory of the sun.

The slender legs were bent under the body. The head was turned aside as if to escape the fury of the blizzard. Very tenderly, almost reverently, the boy took the frozen body from the hole, opened the door of the coop, and went into the shanty, while a cloud of hungry sparrows flew about his head and perched on his shoulders. He placed the dead sparrow upon the table, while the living birds flew to the mantel and the chairs, and walked around saucily.

"What happened the weeny little bird, Mickey?" asked the boy's mother with gentle solicitude.

The voice of the boy trembled as he replied:

"Well, I dunno, mother; I'm after findin' her frozen stiff in the hole in the chicken-coop door."

On Christmas evening, when the bell in St. Mary's steeple was chiming the call to vespers, Mrs. Finn went into her humble parlor.

The benignant, sorrowful face of the Christ looked down at her with pitying compassion from its cheap environment. A mist came into the woman's eyes as she looked at the stuffed sparrow perched just above the Saviour's head, and her breast heaved as she murmured:

"Shure, the baby angels must be throwin' crumbs to ye now through the golden bars o' heaven's gate, an' ye after dyin' to save yer frinds."

The Unexpressed.

I.
ONCE there was a poor old hack
Who had to write for bread,
Who meant to write an epic poem
If any time his wife should show him
They'd bread enough ahead;
But need kept pace with the supply
Until his time had come to die.

Once there was a music-seer
Who heard strange anthems roll.
Eternal melodies from far,
Like voices from an unseen star,
Beat in upon his soul.
But he to earn the rabbi's praise
Played rub-a-dub music all his days.
A dreaming builder once there was
Who dreamed of tower and dome;
Who dreamed of great cathedral piles,
Of sounding naves and pillared aisles
To shame the pomp of Rome;
But he, with untoward fate at strife,
Built wooden houses all his life.

II.
This poet's soul went out at night
And up the Path of Souls;
And Homer met him at the gate
And welcomed him as if a mate
Upon the eternal rolls.

"Souls know," he said, "the songs unsung
As well as those that find a tongue."

This dead musician's soul went forth
Into the darkness drear—
A glad voice smote the clouds apart—
The brother-greeting of Mozart.

Who hailed him as his peer.
"Souls know," he said, "that music bes:
That haunts the dumb soul unexpressed."

This builder's lone soul took its flight
Weighed down with mighty woe;
But felt its loosening wings expand
To see the beckoning of the hand
Of Michael Angelo.

"Your unbuilt domes," exclaimed the shade,
"Shame all the domes I ever made."

SAM WALTER FOSSE.



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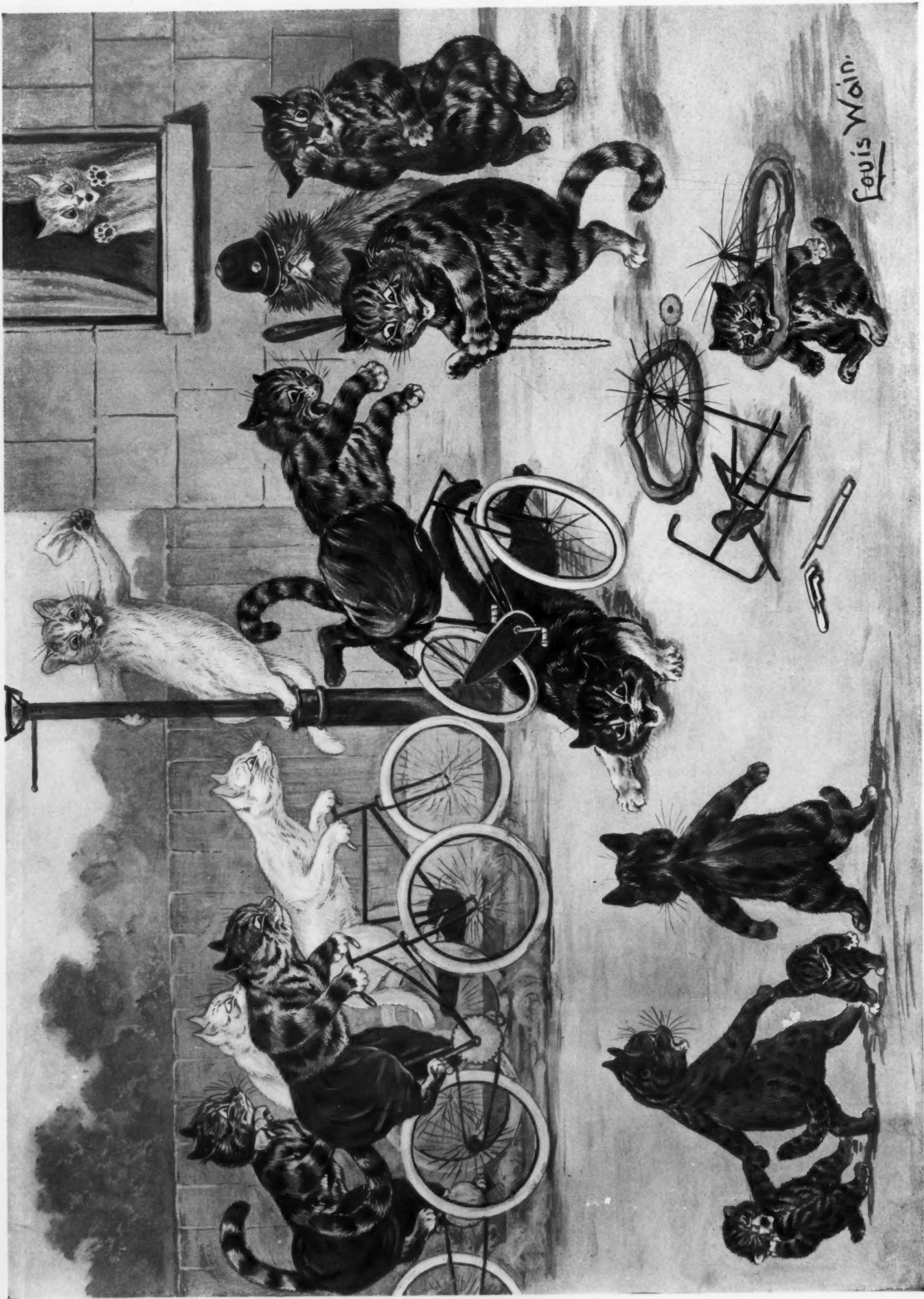
CHRISTMAS SHO

A HOLIDAY CUSTOM IN THE STREET THE



CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS.

THE TOWN OF BROTHERLY LOVE.



THE BICYCLE RACE OF THE PUSSY-CAT FAMILY.
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AT THE SHRINE OF DIANA ARTEMIS.

DIANA ! goddess of the buskin fleet,
 Thou of the virgin zone ! look not in scorn
 Upon these dewy treasures of the morn,
 These flowers of the valley, rath and sweet.
 As that lone valley, ere the charger's feet
 In triumph trod, and left it crushed and torn,
 So was my heart, where now unrest is born,
 And like a tempest strange emotions beat.

Goddess, forgive me ! for Latona now
 I leave thy courts serene, thy maiden bower.
 'Tis Love that leads me with resistless power,
 And with his fillet binds a broken vow.
 Ah, let but this remembrance plead for me :
 Thy mother loved, and to the world gave thee !
 HENRY TYRRELL.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
BOBBIE McDUFF.

By CLINTON ROSS.

OF Bobbie McDuff and the Kracekoffs, and of the ancient keep of Monte Bazzi, you may hear through the kindness of that very M. Felix Miranda who persuaded the narrator to a record of his peculiar adventures; yet you may not have a weakness for an Arabian Night. If an ancient and mysterious house, like that of Monte Bazzi, may not stir you—why Bobbie's story needs must make its present editor apologetic. But to you, who love a villain and like a hero—even be he uncertain about his heart—who may care for Mary, Countess of Berringer, and who yet may feel Marietta's charm as much as I—to you, there need be no apology for a fiction which may be veracious; since it often may chance in this world that accepted fact may prove mere fiction and accepted fiction mere fact.

I.
MARIETTA.

THE wood lay sweet after the rain; and I, as I stepped from the shelter of the rock, was even light-hearted, if rather hungry. Simple existence was enough for me that moment; for the summer beat in my pulse. All disappointments put themselves away, while mere vagabondage cried lustily. The week before I had landed from the Messageries liner, and now I was tramping on the white, broad Paris road—yesterday sadly, to-day merrily,—yes, the veriest vagabond. Who could have fancied—to have seen me now—that once I had been Bobbie McDuff!

The wood path opened on a broad road; the birds—ordinarily so silent in Fontainebleau—were busied at love-making, or housekeeping, and the air was resonant with the mid-day hum—the song of mere life—when suddenly a soprano rose above it all, clearly, and swelled in the arches of the old wood where kings had hunted, poets and painters dreamed, wrought words into melodies, colors into pictures that carried the personality of the artist, and, as well, the forest life, its mystery. I knew I was near the town, for she, doubtless, was a stroller, singing for sous by the roadside.

Oh, the sweetness of irresponsibility! Oh, to wander about easily, twanging a string of melody!—to wake under the stars; to know not exactly what the morrow may bring. How certain moods of mere labor crave it! And now that I actually had fallen to vagabondage, it called to me still. The staid, the matter-of-fact folk may sneer at such a longing. For them my story may be ever the beggar's.

I have said I was thinking of Fontainebleau and *déjeuner*. I had but five francs in the world; and, indeed, I hesitate, even now, to think of my obligations!

And the song faded into the forest.

"A sweet voice," quoth I, aloud.

"Yes, a sweet voice," was a retort.

I saw leaning against an oak a bronzed, lithe figure; a wood spirit; and for detail, his bright coat worn, but his boots stout; his eyes showing whimsicality, and a certain look that you see in a bull-dog wagging its tail; his step gracefully easy; in his bearing a certain superiority of him who has lived under the stars and the low beating clouds; who knows winter and rough weather of the highways, the woods, and the plains; and the crowds and bricks and mortar never at all. The sun fell in gold through the vivid green tracery of the branches and left on my gypsy's face a mottled with bright yellow.

"Ah, the town in the forest—the palace?" said I. "You can direct me?"

"How long have you been a stroller?" quoth he, looking at me keenly, and yet not at all impertinently.

"Not so long as you and yours," said I, giving him tit for tat.

"No." And he shrugged his shoulders. "I was born under the sky, and I shall lay me down at last under an oak by the fountain in an Italian wood. But you—?"

He came near and looked into my eyes.

"But you, m'sieur? Your blood, too, comes from those who have lived under the stars. You, too—"

"I don't know," said I, as in an ordinary mood I should have exclaimed, "bosh."

"Ah, you don't know?" he said. "The town, you ask? The road is straight, and Marietta sings by its side."

"You know her?"

"Is she not of mine, m'sieur?" he said. "Do I not dance and sing?"

"I am sure you may," said I, feeling of my last five francs.

"M'sieur," said he, earnestly, "the world is home. Why do you worry?"

He had read me; I was worrying. Obligations sat heavily on my heart. Could I throw these away?

"The world is the home of us all, whether we fail or succeed. What matters the rest? For all sorrow, still you may dance with a buxom lass on the green. You can change your abode never, for the same sky shall be your roof wherever you wander. But you shall be free."

What did he see about me leading him to talk in this wise? I looked at him strangely.

"And why?"

"The mark on your temple," quoth he.

I started. Above my left eye was this little red scar; sometimes redder than at others; and then, again, it paled and was gone. All who saw me noticed it. In the old days at school it had been the subject of a nickname: "Bobbie of the Scar." Mrs. Carter, good soul, told me my father had said I inherited it from my mother. And I had seen it, too, in the miniature I had now about my neck; the dark, charming face that smiled on me ever exquisitely from its place on the porcelain. And now this gypsy of Fontainebleau saw, and remarked it. My old life seemed to have ended. Even the sense of the responsibilities, the duty I had to others, was less. Perhaps it would be easy to forget all.

"And you?"

"A horse trader, m'sieur—a fortune-teller. At country fairs I have a booth and do tricks. When winter holds the forest and all the Northland you'll find us—my sister Marietta and

I—perhaps near Capri—where the world smiles; perhaps by the edge of an olive orchard on the Riviera; perhaps even in Cairo; and, it may be—when we do not care for frosts—in the shadow of the Umbrian hills."

"You are a poet," said I, smiling.

He waved his little cap with mock civility.

"I am Petruchio," quoth he; "and Marietta's brother."

The broad road—the old avenue of court pageants—lay sunny, edged with oaks and an occasional pine.

Petruchio walked lightly, breaking, now and again, into inconsequential laughter.

Through the oaks came Marietta of the voice. The fair of past experiences chased out of my mind.

How, indeed, may I describe Marietta? Not short, nor yet tall, her figure was graciously moulded; and then, the costume of the stroller, the bright sash of the Neapolitan girl, the tambourine held in the brown hands—all but accentuated a charming face. The eyes, black, lustrous, looked half boldly, half timidly, as the eyes in a portrait I hold dear. The voice of that enticing song now came out low, exquisite, in a tongue I did not know.

I remembered that I, too, had fallen, or risen—God knows which it may have been—to vagabondage. I could not keep my eyes from her.

Petruchio laughed again and said:

"M'sieur, the stroller—Marietta."

Marietta smiled mockingly and courtesied. "Welcome, m'sieur."

Why, indeed, should she welcome me? Was it to Fontainebleau—or to vagabondage?—which indeed might please in Marietta's company.

II.
MISADVENTURES.

M. MIRANDA, to whom I have shown this story, has told me that I have begun it with explanation small enough.

"How did you come to be that day a vagabond on the road in Fontainebleau?" he asks. "Begin with Mrs. Carter."

And this good Miranda bows sweetly, as is his wont, and tells me to continue my story as well as I may. "It amuses your leisure."

"Ah, I have too little," I retort. "I would there were not a duty in the world, and that I was as when I met Marietta in the forest."

"What is leisure but a contrast to duty?" Miranda says in that quiet and passionless manner of a man of the desk who has worn his vitality by attention to bookish detail. A remarkable man. I owe him a deal, and I trust his judgment; and so I will begin with Mrs. Carter.

I can hear that good woman's voice in my ears as she deplored my bad fortune.

And, in fact, I have her motherly face almost as a first memory.

I am sitting in the window of the house looking out on the Central Park, and, turning my head, I find her eyes on me. The house was my house, bought by my guardian as an investment for me, and she was his wife. John Carter had been selected by my father on the recommendation of the bankers to whom he had brought a generous London credit. Who he was, beyond plain Robert McDuff, the bankers did not stop to ask, because of that most efficient introduction—the good credit. If his name were Scotch or Irish, his English held a slight accent. What he indeed was like I need not say; since I have been told that I resemble him.

Ah, I never saw him! I had no picture in those days; and, but lately, I have seen the masterly portrait of the great Frenchman. I have studied that many times—and wondered.

Well, he bought an estate on Staten Island, and died within a year, leaving me in John Carter's care, ostensibly the son and heir of a gentleman without relatives, who had tried to blot out his European past. When Carter, years after, turned my money over to me he showed how he had increased a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars to nearly four hundred thousand. Never did a guardian conduct his affairs with greater care, and, at the same time, with greater financial sense. I can remember him as we sat over that accounting, his keen gray eyes, his parchment-like skin, his shining, bald head. He often had told me of my father, for whom he had gained a strong affection, even in the short acquaintance. If there had been a certain mystery about Robert McDuff, John Carter felt bound not to try to penetrate it; and the Wall Street firm had not been able to extend their information by inquiry of their London correspondents, who, if they had vouched for the validity of Mr. McDuff's drafts, would say no more. He had avoided all acquaintances, and had lived in great retirement on the Staten Island place until his sudden death. My guardian found instructions for me to be educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Yale, and to be given every possible accomplishment, and the ability to speak French, German, Italian.

The conscientious clerk carried out the bequest to the letter. There was one prohibition. On no account should I go to Europe. I must content myself with the United States, and must be brought up as a native-born citizen. I simply had been provided for by this unknown father, who purposely left me no clue to his identity.

My guardian's honest voice was husky, telling this story. I remember he turned his back, to try to hide his emotion; and I respected and admired him.

And it all might have gone well had he lived. But, not a year later, he died, and I found myself possessed of a fortune invested in the securities most readily convertible into cash. And I will confess that I found a way to spend a deal of money at that time. I had made some strong friendships at school and college with men of the best connections; and I soon found myself in a charmingly idle life. I went in for horses, and you know how they take money. I, without a relative I knew, had

no trouble in getting the best society in New York, I am free to say now. And between winters in town, or at Saint Augustine, or Santa Barbara, and summers at country houses and clubs, I was very busy the years following college. All this would have been well had it gone no further. But I was persuaded by Middleton to let my name be used as a member of a firm on the Street. And then came the crash. I awoke one morning to find that Middleton's failure had left me not only penniless, but owing startling sums. I do not think it was Middleton's fault. I am sure he could not avoid his and my catastrophe.

"But, poor Bobbie, how could you have trusted him? If John only had lived!" Mrs. Carter exclaimed.

"Ah, if he had!" I said. "I am no business man. I can't bargain." This was evident, without my statement.

"Of course you can't. And Bobbie"—there were tears on her cheeks—"you know the twenty thousand John left me. It is all yours, my dear."

"My good aunt!" I cried—for I always called her "aunt"—"do you think for a moment I would do that?"

"You must, Bobbie," she said.

It was touching, I assure you; and just then, when a process-server interrupted, I was glad to turn on him rather savagely. I felt shamed afterward, for he was a good-enough fellow, performing a duty. I am glad to remember I apologized.

And there followed a whole procession of this gentry.

I turned over everything I had. And then I pondered how I should live. But I could not live in New York. I hated the place. It had become so different. I felt the change in people's manner. I had done favors in my time—to several, I may state here. But now I did not know a soul of whom I felt like asking a single one. So different is a favor given from one taken. Yet I do the world injustice. Jim Colchester made me a loan which took me to South Africa. But Jim Colchester owed me no favors.

And there fortune frowned. I found myself with a few sovereigns, and resolved to work my way to Europe. I reached Port Said on a barkentine, which I left for the Messageries liner to Marseilles.

So, as you see, I chanced to be with but five francs in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

About my neck was a single treasure from my father, a miniature, exquisitely done on porcelain, in a little case, mounted with diamonds and rubies. It never had occurred to me that with one of the stones of that setting I might repay Jim Colchester. For this was indeed my dearest possession. I had dreamed over it when a boy, and, older, had made it an idol.

And now the dark eyes look out with curious inquiry as to my fortunes; charming eyes, indeed—the light of a thin, piquant face, framed with dark hair; sad, yet smiling. Could it be, I wondered sometimes, that she was dead—gone? That face seemed all life and vivacious grace. It was as if Death himself should have paused.

And what was her story? I ought to know—I whose fortune had fallen so low through my folly in trusting others too far must be a part of that mother's life; an unfortunate enough sequel, perhaps—still, a sequel. I wondered at the lovely neck and shoulders, where gleamed a necklace of rubies; at the evening-gown of that gone mode; at the half-laughing, half-serious, enigmatical eyes.

And how had the condition of my father's request, forbidding me to visit Europe, been brought about? For here I was violating it, because I had been impractical and failed in South Africa; because a wild whim was leading.

Nor did I know now where I was going. I only had the vague wish to struggle toward a vague end.

We are put here for a purpose, which we thwart when we take our own lives. Life at its best—and its longest—is short; and I ever—this may be a mere cowardice—preferred its certainty to the great uncertainty; its finite experience—when the other experience, infinitely long, is to follow, at the longest, soon.

Now, in the Forest of Fontainebleau—to which I bring again the beginning of my story—having followed M. Miranda's advice, and explained—I fancied that the gypsy girl's (Marietta's) eyes were like those of the lady of the miniature. But Marietta, to be sure, did not have the little red scar over the left temple, which I had inherited from her of the portrait. Petruchio had noticed my mark. What might it signify? What, indeed, my perplexing story?

III.
AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

"I KNOW a face that was as yours, Marietta."

"And the nightingale calling," said she, still mockingly.

"Eyes like yours."

"I am not a girl at a dance, m'sieur."

"But a gypsy in Fontainebleau."

"I'm no model, m'sieur. None at Siron's shall paint me; none at Gretz, or Barbizon, or Cernay. I'll not stand still for a picture."

"Yet a picture you are, Marietta."

"Among the heather of Apremont," I added. For I had heard from an artist I know—know because I possess his volumes—of the vale of Apremont. The artist of words, Louis Stevenson, told me of it in an essay.

"Or under the great oaks of Bas-Breau," said she, still mocking me.

The sun swept the white high road. Petruchio went before, mouthing a merry air. I glanced, now boldly, again more cautiously, at Marietta. Yes, her eyes were those of my miniature, and her airy, mocking grace such as made my heart beat hotly. When one is but twenty-eight youth tugs gayly. Had they indeed bidden me to their comradeship—to the home under the stars? I longed for it suddenly with a great desire. We hold in ourselves the instinct of ancestral centuries of forest life; and, now and again, wildness cries, striving to tear us from convention.

So these strollers and I came to a view of the merry town, and of the palace, splendid among its gardens. The past lay about as we walked out from the wood of Millet and Rousseau to the old town of the kings of France at its heart.

"Ah, adieu, m'sieur," said Marietta, mockingly.

"Yes, m'sieur, we go our way," said the gay Petruchio.

"I thought I was bidden to your board, Petruchio?" quoth I.

"Oh, m'sieur, of another day we shall meet."

His face grew earnest.

"Some of my tribe are lodged near Gretz, and there we go. But, as we walked together, I saw your destiny was among men."

"And what destiny have I, Petruchio?—five francs in my pocket? I had fortune, position; scattered both. I sought gold at Johannesburg, and I did not get it; and now I am in France—wandering."

Something in his manner left me frank, despite myself.

"Follow random fancy, m'sieur, wherever it may lead."

"It takes to Paris. Nay"—I looked at Marietta's mocking eyes—"my wish carries me with you, Petruchio."

"We shall meet again, m'sieur," said he; and he took a path to the right, Marietta following and glancing over her shoulder.

I watched until the leafy screen hid her, and then turned along a garden wall into Fontainebleau. Yet I was made to pause by that same burst of melody which had made my ac-

meet my obligations in New York. And I owed good friends. Desperation faced me again—there alone in the world.

There came a stir in the yard. A gentleman with two grooms in scarlet behind drew up a four, and as the men sprang to the leaders he jumped down lightly, pulling off his gloves—a little rosy-cheeked boy in a gray lounge suit. His rather shrewd gray eyes were fixed, inquiringly on the left leader. Then, saying something to a groom, he turned to the waiter, who bowed and scraped, napkin on arm. My thoughts went melancholly back to the other days when I had tooled my four; when waiters and their like had scraped. The little gentleman seated himself at one of the tables and looked contentedly over his coach. I don't know now what possessed me that moment. I yet had not been a beggar; I have not been one in the vicissitudes of fortune since. But sometimes in this life we must depend on others; and fortune is made up of strange chances. There lay that in the little gentleman's expression attracting me strangely.

And I went over to him.

Should I address him as an equal or not? I had four francs still, and ten centimes would do for the fee. In my pocket were a dozen excellent cigarettes I had picked up at Port Said. I thanked my self-control; I had not smoked them. For I said, approaching his table:

"May I offer you a cigarette, sir?" I did this as urbanely as I could, adding, "I do this that I may pave the way to ask-

"But you are better born?"

"I have known better circumstances. We all have, you know—acknowledging the class to which I have fallen. As for having been better born, I think I may have been, but am not sure."

"It always has seemed to me that a man could get something or other."

"Not without asking favors," I remarked.

"But you are asking one of me, are you not?"

"You are a stranger."

He looked at me keenly for a moment.

"There is something in that," he said. "I often have wondered what I should do if I were reduced to abject penury. Still—"

He paused, smiling at some notion; for it had been my good fortune to have approached an eccentric, a good-humored person.

"I like your face," he said rising and pulling on his gloves. "You have known better days, I know. Look here. I'll risk you. What's your name?"

"McDuff."

"Scotch? Irish?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, it doesn't matter. I'll give you a chance with the horses. Get up there on the seat opposite the grooms, if you will."

The two grooms climbed to their places opposite the seat I



"M'sieur, the stroller—Marietta."

quaintance with the entertaining pair. And it was as if that note sought my ear; as if to me she were calling farewell—she the free and I the slave of obligations.

Two went by chattering. Now you can see of any day their like in that old forest; those who live laughingly at Siron's; who dream in bosky recesses; whose fancies, born under the trees, nourished by light and shadow, sometimes reach the walls of the salon.

"Her face and figure are exquisite," one was saying. "But she'll not pose."

He meant Marietta—this impudent vagabond. For vagabond he certainly was; and I resented his words. But he, looking at me, saw only a rather shabby fellow; I dare say held me the vagabond, as I was. If the gypsies had seen more in me these other dwellers on the boundary of the land of art saw nothing at all save the ordinary.

So I came into that famous little town, passing chattering tourists, who, "Baedekers" in hand, turned curious, tired, unappreciative eyes on the great palace of Francis, and Henry, and Louis.

At a little inn, frequented by gossiping grooms, I sat down and spent one franc out of my five. Beyond me lay Paris and—I knew not what. I fancied shivering of a winter's day on street-corners—starving, growing every day a bit shabbier. Should I see some old acquaintance I would disclaim recognition if it were deigned. Pride clutched at my heart—that seemed ever likely to be unappeased; for I could see no way to

ing a favor of you. In fact, it's a new method of begging," I added, in the spirit of sudden frankness.

He looked me over for a moment out of the shrewd gray eyes.

"What do you want?" he said. "Yes, I will take one of your cigarettes."

"I was born a gentleman—"

"Eh? Most of them are."

"Yes, I know. But the only thing I know much about is horses." I was speaking English, for I knew his nationality. A Frenchman may wear English clothes and a Londoner's straw hat, but remain French to the farthest.

"You're American?"

"I am not sure I was born one," said I, still standing. For although he had offered me a chair, I did not feel inclined to take it, and I began to be embarrassed, remembering many similar beggars. And now I was one, not a whit better—not a whit different.

"You want, then," said my young gentleman, "something or other? I am smoking your cigarette, it appears. And I am ready to listen in return for your manners."

And he smiled good-humoredly enough, bending forward on his elbows.

"It's this, sir," said I. "I am reduced, after paying my account and the waiter, to three francs ninety. It appears that a gentleman with a coach like yours should have a chance for an additional groom."

had taken, and we tooled out of Fontainebleau. My patron did not once look back. The two fellows facing me—one Irish, the other a Belgian—sat with the set countenances of good grooms. As we drew along the Paris road we passed several traps, and the occupants gave my gentleman deep bows, and I fancied that at least I had fallen in with a person of consequence; and, what I admire much, an excellent whip. With skill he, after some hours, was directing his four in crowded streets. And I was noticing the great, charming city.

From the moment when I saw the Triumphal Arch, beckoning me from its hill, I felt I had fallen under the Parisian charm. It had been forbidden me; but my father, who had thought he had provided me with a permanent fortune—which would bring me position in New York—never had anticipated I should be reduced to my present abjectness; and no more had I two years previously.

(To be continued.)

Two.

THEY loved—ah! that was long ago—

They parted and forgot.

Each loved again, and, loving so,

Each heart remembered not

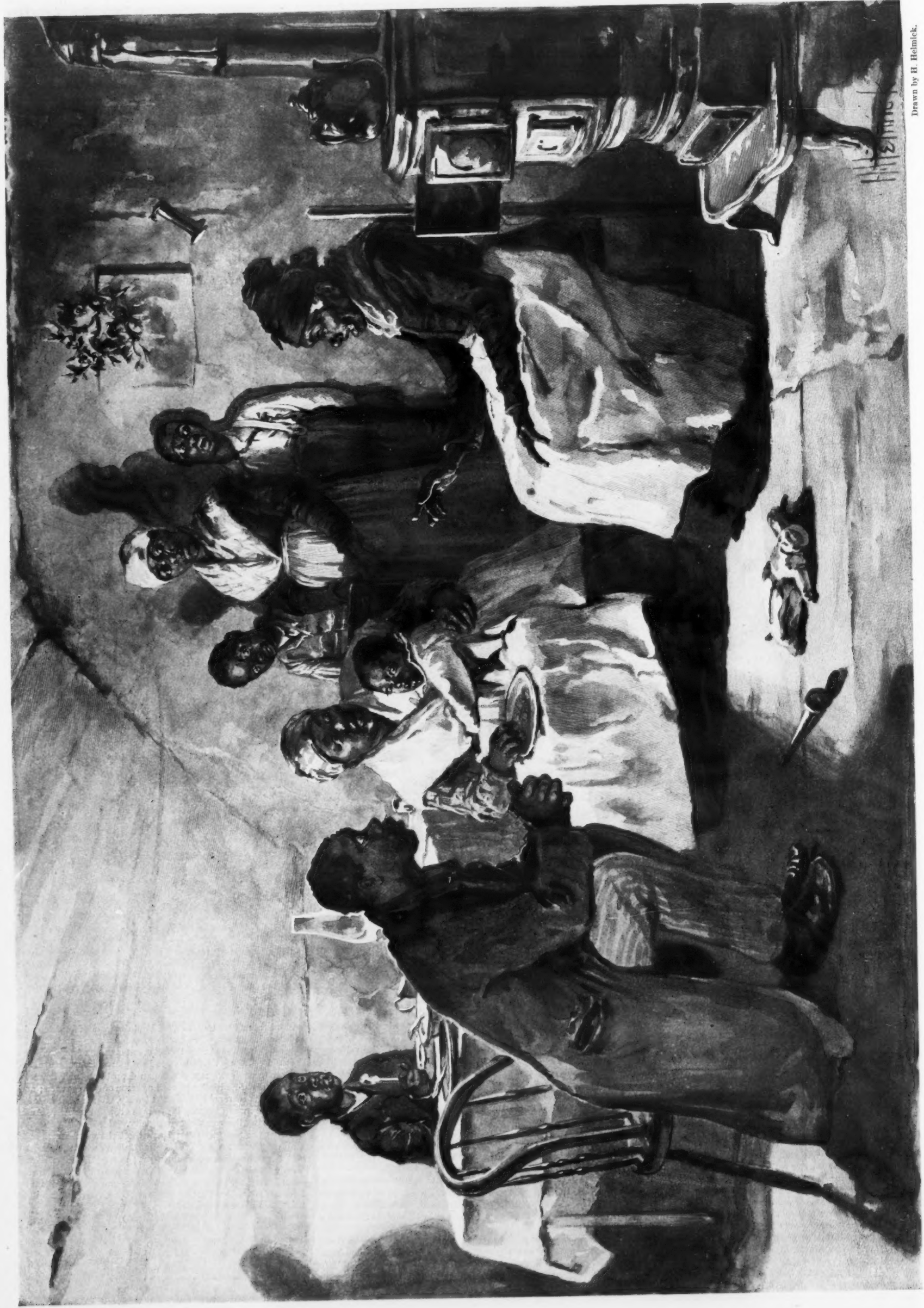
The other one—the first sweet bliss;

Yet, after all these years,

Sometimes in dreams he knows her kiss,

And in his eyes strange tears.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



OLD AUNT SALLY'S CHRISTMAS-EVE GHOST STORY.
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Drawn by H. Helmick.



From a photograph by Baker's Art Gallery.

ENRAPPED.
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THE GRACE BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST.
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THE GREATEST CHEMIST OF OUR DAY.

AN OCTOGENARIAN SAVANT TELLS THE SECRET OF HIS UNIMPAIRED FACULTIES.

PROFESSOR DR. VON PETTENKOFER, ONE OF A QUARTETTE—GLADSTONE, BISMARCK, AND POPE LEO XIII.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, November 30th, 1896.

CONSIDERABLE interest is aroused in France in relation to the enormous increase in the number of remedies offered for sale for the cure of gastric disorders. This is considered as conclusive evidence that contemporary stomachs offer a striking example of weakened digestive faculties. So far as Paris is concerned, this is attributed chiefly to the inferior meat products offered for sale, and the methods to disguise their deterioration. The food supplied at the cheap restaurants is not only of inferior quality, but positively dangerous to health. An instance is cited of an American who went to Paris to pursue certain technical studies. Soon after he had established his residence there he was attacked by an obstinate gastric disorder. The French physicians pronounced his malady incurable. As a matter of economy, he had frequented the cheap restaurants of the town. He returned to America ostensibly to die; but when he was examined by the American doctors he was assured that he had no organic disease, but was the victim of a slow process of starvation through insufficient alimentation. To recuperate his weakened system he was fed for some time almost exclusively on *Liebig Company's Extract of Beef*, until he was restored to perfect health.

The dietetic treatment of the human stomach which is now making the rounds of the Continental press has induced me to interview the greatest living chemist, his Excellency, Privy Councillor Professor Dr. von Pettenkofer. One-half of each year the octogenarian scholar enjoys the retirement of his beautiful home at the head of the Starnberger Lake, an hour's ride from Munich. Here I found him—our, rather, the buxom, broad-hipped, Bavarian highland girl, to whom I handed an introductory letter from that most genial of gentlemen and the professor's friend, Mr. Gilligan, of London, and to whom I am indebted for the pleasant reception which followed. A few minutes later the aged professor appeared *sans ceremonie*, with several boxes of cigars under his arm, and the open letter, with my card, in hand.

"*Grüss Gott!*" (God greet you), he began, after I had been shown into a very modest reception-room leading off from the stone-paved corridor, and devoid even of a semblance to elegance, but with an incomparably beautiful view through its windows, unto the extensive lake below. The professor had been enjoying his *dolce far niente* after the midday meal; but with surprising elasticity he got up to meet your correspondent.

"Have you come from London direct?" he queried, in his habitually conversational style, and looking again at the introductory letter.

"Not exactly, Herr Professor. But I have come all the way from New York to see you, and particularly on the dietetic treatment of the human system. Will you enlighten us on this subject?"

"You are opening a wide range, and not a new question, either," he began, with a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes. "There are plenty of remedies, but who observes them?" After lighting a cigar, he went on, contentedly: "None of the medicinal remedies I could mention—and there are some of unquestioned efficacy—is likely to cure a patient of dyspepsia or recuperate an exhausted stomach. There is no one form of treatment which is likely to prove serviceable in more than a very small proportion

yet tax the digestion of another. And so it is with lightly cooked eggs. As a rule, all stews, hashes, smoked and otherwise cured meats, also coarse vegetables, pastries and the like, always distress a delicate stomach.

"Considering all things, the most palatable diet for a weakened stomach, perhaps, is a cup of *Liebig Company's Extract of Beef* tea, not too hot, and with sufficient salt. The nutritive properties in this preparation have been so ably and conclusively described so often, that I can add but little except to remind your many readers of the necessity to discriminate between the real and the spurious. There are few, indeed, who stop to inquire, not only into the innumerable benefits to health from a regular use of Beef tea, but the properties necessary in its composition. The health of the cattle, food, water, and climate, proper age for slaughter, and a careful chemical analysis, together with an honest preparation throughout its various stages—from beginning to the end—are some of the many details hardly ever considered by the consumer, and yet of signal importance to our health. The nervous competition of our age has made honesty subservient to expediency, and material gain is the only end in view.

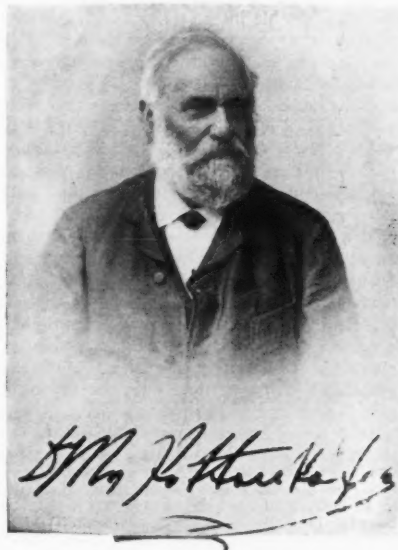
"But to return to the dietetic question; this will ever continue a new theme, and be of importance in conducting to health. Nothing, perhaps, has been of more benefit to the age than Baron von Liebig's discovery in this city some thirty-two years ago, and which has since become familiar from China to Peru as *Liebig Company's Extract of Beef*. Simple as the title appears, and made more familiar still by the many imitations which follow in the wake of every honest effort, it contains, nevertheless, a wide range of the most interesting hygienic and chemical study, and calls for equally competent ability and circumspection, not to say honesty and faithfulness, in its manufacture.

"In the preparation of *Liebig Company's Extract of Beef* is not only employed a very large capital, but the memory of the greatest chemist of this century continues to animate the integrity of the Company, whose reputation towers far above the line of even professional criticism. Here, on this continent, for instance, where our laws, both judicial and academic, look more sharply, perhaps, than those on your side after marketable specialties, and food of every kind, *Liebig Company's Extract* continues not only pre-eminent, but is recommended by leading physicians, and can be found in almost every hospital, restaurant, and private household. Aside from its nutritious properties it is also a great economic boon, for none of us can command such meat as that company which owns large herds numbering thousands, and fed on their own beautiful pastures along the rich banks of the River Plate, in South America. In a propitious climate, with full and sweet grass, and supplied with the best water nature has provided anywhere, the cattle grow fat and sleek, are killed in the fullness of health, and prepared under the immediate supervision of chemists of acknowledged reputation. Every detail of its vast ramification has been systematized and disciplined. Even the method of slaughter has been humanized and is now accomplished instantaneously, and with the least possible pain to the animal.

"It would lead too far," went on the aged

which the young lady puffed into the air, the loquacious savant explained that his large summer residence is too small for his progeny when all unite to bring him their filial affection, with their ample luggage, including bicycles and a lot of mysterious female wear.

"How do I account for my continued good health? Very simply indeed. Above all, I live frugally. I eat digestible food, principally such as will produce strength. *Liebig Company's Extract* is used by my cook in a variety of ways. Then, again, I masticate the food well. It is not prudent to put large pieces of fuel in a stove if you desire free ventilation and a warm fire. The same applies to our physical condition. Again, I approach my meals with pleasure. This satisfactory anticipation begets a happy temper and a *sic-it* digestion. I drink modestly, and seldom alcoholic stimulants. Indeed, it would ill become me not to practice what I preach. As chairman of the 'Temperance Moderation Society,' I drink but little beer. Mild wines, of undoubted quality, are safe



HIS EXCELLENCY, PROFESSOR DR. M. VON PETTENKOFER.

and advisable. To this must be added proper exercise in the open air, regularity in meals, as well as in sleep, with proper attention to physical discipline; I am thus enabled to carry my age of four-score years without difficulty, and still attend to a large number of professional and personal engagements. A similar observance of nature's laws, I am told, enables Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, and the present Pope—all three octogenarians—to bear the evening of life with comparative ease, and continue in possession of undimmed reasoning faculties." Neither of us had noticed the speedy march of time; the evening was near at hand.

"Let us take a stroll over the estate," and the professor led the way. Up and down hill, ascending stairs with remarkable ease, and explaining the beauty of yonder mountain range, or the picturesque, sloping meadows in the foreground, or pointing with evident enthusiasm at the restless waves of the Starnberger Lake—he had a proper designation for each picture; nothing escaped his vigilant mind.

"I will accompany you to the station"—and, in spite of protest, he joined in the brisk walk, which covered a good mile.

On the fourth floor in the southern wing of

have died a natural death. In finest cookery, which means delicate flavors and combinations, went on this Swiss gentleman, "*Liebig Company's Extract* is quite indispensable. Pulverized dried beef sold in bottles or tins is of little value. For flavoring purposes it is little better than so much dried dust. They use sage and mint, and a lot of indiscriminate spices, in America and Australia; but none of these will endure the test of criticism."

Now, I am not writing to advertise *Liebig Company's Extract*, because I am thoroughly convinced that their specialty is known everywhere. But what is, perhaps, not so well known as it should be, is the fact that most people, not being chemists, readily believe the misleading statements of the manufacturers of patent-food juices and essences containing but a very small percentage of nourishment. The greatest chef living, Mons. Escoffier, said recently: "*Liebig Company's Extract* is not only to be recommended to every household and hotel, but it is also an indispensable necessity in traveling. The man or woman who comes in from a long tramp or journey in an exhausted condition will quickly feel recuperated if he or she will drink quarter of a teaspoonful of the *Extract* dissolved in a cupful of water and seasoned with salt."

Without being guilty of repeating an oft-told tale, for it has been read by millions in the clever little pamphlet known as "*Liebig Company's Cook-book*"—and which, I am told, is distributed free on application by the nearest grocer (or by addressing a postal to *Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., Ltd.*, post-office box 2718, New York City)—it will doubtless interest the reader to hear a few facts of this stupendous enterprise, as told recently by Mr. Gunther, chairman of that company:

"Ours is the largest industrial concern in South America, and by working on such a huge scale—using over two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle—we command the market, and can pick and choose. I need hardly tell you that the quality of the extract, to a large extent, depends on the quality of the cattle.

"Now we, of course, buying most can buy cheapest, and, since we have profitable use for all parts of the animal, can employ the best for our extract. Further, we are the only concern in South America who make our product and sell it to the public, carrying out the business right from one end to the other. You can easily understand what a great advantage this gives us in keeping our extract uniform in quality, and thus retaining the confidence of the public. There are manufacturers compelled to buy their raw material in England; you can imagine that the price prevents them from using anything save such inferior parts as we reject.

"I, of course, need hardly tell you that, after taking the best parts of the flesh for our extract, there is left matter for a prodigious commerce. Think of the by-products—fat used for cooking in South America; tallow for soap and candles; guano prepared from the residues largely sold by us in Europe and the States. It is quaint to think that the professedly graminivorous cattle not only eat the grass enriched by the blood, bones, and residues of their South American cousins, but actually consume fattening cakes made with our dried residue meat-powder—a fact for the foreign cow to chew with her cud. Horns become combs, and the hair stuffs mattresses; while we supply Brazil and Cuba with *tasa*, the beef dried in the sun. Then there are the Fray Bentos tongues, for which the demand exceeds the supply, and the hides—"

and Mr. Gunther stopped to give his hearer time to breathe.

"What becomes of all the meat extract?"

"The chief use, and the best, is in the kitchen for enriching and flavoring soups, sauces, and made dishes. We do much in the way of improving the cuisine of the country. It is also



OFF FRAY BENTOS—WAITING TO LOAD.

of cases, for the reason that there is rarely ever a close resemblance between any two cases. To promise success each must be carefully studied and have its own special line of treatment.

"Considering the stomach is the furnace, so to speak, of the human system, it is clear that our mental and physical condition largely depends on its even and uninterrupted operation. A medicinal treatment is the least important of all. Of far more importance is the hygienic and dietetic treatment, of which physical exercise is one of the essential elements," and reclining in the chair his tanned and ruddy cheeks gave evidence of much out-door exercise. "Irrespective of the weather, I am about the estate most of the day, and unless the lake runs very high I manage the boat without assistance.

"I will not undertake to discuss the effects of coffee or tea upon a weakened stomach. A cup of coffee or tea made more weak by much milk may, in itself, do but little harm, but such quantity of any fluid, even water, would help retard digestion. As to the dietetic treatment of an exhausted stomach—and by far the most important phase in physical recuperation—each victim of the trouble must construct his own diet table. There are scarcely any two patients who can properly eat identically the same food. Milk, for instance, the simplest of foods, may be well borne by one person and

philosopher, with unabated animation, "to describe the details of manufacture. Suffice it to say that bulk shipments only, and hermetically sealed, of course, are made from South America to Antwerp, where its final preparation and distribution takes place. But no consignment can be admitted to further process before samples of each lot are sent to me for analysis. In my laboratory at the Royal Castle in Munich, I subject every parcel to a most searching analysis. It must contain the proper strength, color, flavor, and composition. Any deviation from the academic laws insures absolute rejection. To guard against freaks of nature is one of our chief duties, and, to protect an enviable reputation against unscrupulous competition, every little cream-colored jar of the millions sold throughout the civilized world must bear across its face the autograph of *Justus v. Liebig*, as well as my own and that of *Dr. Carl von Voit*, director of the Scientific Department and control. It is the buyer's duty," added the professor, emphatically, "to bear in mind this particular feature, which is the best safeguard against spurious manufacture."

At this stage of our interesting conversation we were agreeably interrupted by the appearance of his granddaughter, a handsome young lady of distinguished appearance and winning manners. During the coffee and cigars which followed, including a dainty little cigarette

the royal castle in Munich resides the old savant. There is no lift. This conglomeration of buildings, separated by several courts, is the result of periodical additions of bygone days. The old gentleman ascends one hundred and twenty steps of stairs several times a day, in order to reach his dwelling. Here he has made those great discoveries in chemistry and hygiene which have brought him renown and eminence throughout the academic world; yet, in spite of all earthly honors, he is humble and modest and most hospitable.

While en passant through Frankfort-on-the-Main recently, I had occasion to talk with the chief editor of the principal culinary organ in Europe. Referring to dietary improvements, the genial Swiss gentleman, himself a student of recognized reputation, said: "Of all improvements in the past thirty years in this direction, I regard none equal to the merits of *Liebig Company's Extract*. Augilbert, founder of the once famous 'Restaurant de Paris,' now extinct, of the city of that name, doubted the accuracy of the legend that the noted Vatel, cook for Louis XIV., committed suicide because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. Augilbert maintained that Vatel killed himself, not because a fish did not arrive in season, but that, when it did arrive, he had not a proper sauce to season it with. Had poor Vatel lived to see and use *Liebig Company's Extract*, he would

quite as largely used for beef tea, where it is most valuable, and on account of its purity it can often be retained where other liquids are rejected.

In the Franco-German War, for instance, every soldier in the successful army was supplied with our *Extract*, and Baron Liebig demonstrated that with one pound of the extract, with bread and some vegetables, good broth can be made for one hundred and twenty-eight men. Liebig never pretended that any fluid extract could be made into a complete food, though he foresaw that many futile efforts would be made to produce a fluid quintessential food. He believed, as I do, that such attempts must be unsuccessful.

"Do we feel the competition of other preparations? Hardly, for our difficulty lies more in supply than demand, despite the efforts of some of our rivals to trade on the Baron's name. The way in which his views are twisted and turned by some competitors shows the weakness of their case. However, we can afford to disregard their efforts, for, as I remarked before, our business is conducted on so huge a scale that we can practically defy competition.

Verily, science has demonstrated that there is, indeed, nothing new under the sun, and the next discovery may convince every one that talk is silver, but silence is gold. C. FRANK DEWEY.

Rothschild and Munich Art.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, November 30th, 1896.—“And wouldn't you sell this clock for fifteen hundred dollars?” “No! I am not anxious.” “But Baron Rothschild offered you no more.” “That's his loss. I shall keep it for the benefit of my guests.” “Oh, Fred, look at this ancient silver pitcher, and these remarkable vases.” It's just too delightful in these artistic rooms,” and Mr. Butler fully shared his wife's enthusiasm.

The conversation occurred between a party of wealthy Americans and Mr. Diener, the proprietor of the picturesque *Grand Hotel Continental* here. The Biblical prophecy that “the last shall be first” is equally true in this case, for Herr Diener built the latest hotel, and his opulent house is now the first in Munich. In this hotel, more properly called a “fantasy,” art rivals Oriental luxury and comfort. It embodies the latest ideas, gathered from vast experience and studious comparison, and with indefatigable ambition to surprise even the most discriminating.

Approaching this majestic building from the boulevard, and the vicinity of the park, we enter under a pretentious *porte cochère* and into a grand foyer of elegant proportions. Picturesque settees and equally romantic tables invite us to a cozy *tête-à-tête* beneath rare painting on walls and ceiling. Exotic plants barely screen costly vases and statuary. To the left runs a chain of dining-rooms in an L shape and furnished in Louis Quatorze style, terminating on a veranda, the outer side of which is separated by large glass windows, and looking out on a miniature garden such as only this southern clime can support, and the chief attraction of which is a rare fountain of peculiar design which splashes merrily in the marble basin beneath. German officers, cinched and corseted, with native and foreign aristocracy, including a goodly number of American ladies and gentlemen, complete the bizarre picture inside. Suave and genially attentive waiters—such as one can only find in Munich and Vienna—noiselessly realize the guests' wishes. Most of the popular languages are spoken here, but English appears to predominate.

We pass through this kaleidoscopic scene, and under multi-colored lights, while sympathetic strains of delightful music reach our ear from a gypsy orchestra hidden somewhere. A little later we adjourn to a chain of parlors, reading- and smoking-rooms on the opposite side. In

the grand salon ladies hold court, or circle, or say sweet nothingness to the sons of Mars. A step beyond these dreamlike halls is the Otis elevator, imported especially from America. In another moment we are on the first floor, although it were more interesting to ascend the grand stairway and admire its rare carving, the majesty of proportion, or the magnificent bust of the prince regent, surrounded by exotic plants, which meets the eye on the landing.

To the right are the royal chambers; princely, indeed! Here stands the clock above referred to, which even Baron Rothschild found too expensive, albeit most rare. Here, too, is handsome Japanese furniture, with rich tapestry and valuable carpets. Everything indicates that we are in the city of art. The adjoining rooms are all appointed with rare discretion and comfortable intent. Light and air, cheer and quiet, are apparent everywhere. Padded double doors exclude all noise, and convenient balconies invite the occupant to a view on the opulent neighborhood. Scarce any two rooms are furnished alike, but what distinguishes the *Grand Hotel Continental* from most similar houses in Europe is its opulent location and artistic appointments, together with the lovable temper of its hospitable owner and employés.

This newest feature in Continental hotels may be accounted for by the fact that Herr Diener, the proprietor, was a wealthy private citizen, with strongly artistic inclination. His private home has been a theme for writers all over the Continent, and similar inclinations characterize his public enterprise. With that geniality peculiar to the *Münchener Kindl*, he said to me: “I was bound to build an artistic hotel. I may not realize adequate profits, considering the large outlays, but I want to attract the best classes *lastingly*. My guests shall leave the *Continental* strengthened in mind as well as in body, and feel encouraged to revisit our beautiful city.”

This is the true ring of patriotism. But a few years since its opening, and we find royalty there, and distinguished foreigners of all shades and degrees. Americans are quite at home here. Its foyer is the “Fifth Avenue lobby” of New York, as it were, and as every one, from the clever and genial manager, Herr Wehmeyer, down to the porter, all speak English and understand our habits and wants, many resident Americans, even some from Paris, like the wealthy Branch family, originally from Richmond, Virginia, and others, come here annually to spend the fall and part of the winter. And the prices? Kind reader, let me tell you that in eighteen years' experience on this side I find the best is the cheapest always. Notwithstanding its luxury, opulence and comfort, rates at this hotel are about one-half of those at the *Waldorf*, while the accommodations are much superior.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Winter Florida Service.

SEASON 1896 AND '97.

THE strides made in the mode of railway travel are one of the foremost of world advancements. The comfort and interest of the people are made the main study of the railway management throughout the country. The Southern Railway Piedmont Air Line and the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad—forming the Short Line, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, between New York and Florida—have reduced the time to a minimum by placing on fast limited trains. The schedules now in effect follow:

Southward.	Route.	No. 37.	No. 35.
Lv. New York....	Penn. R. R....	4 30 PM	12 15 N.T.
“ Philadelphia..	“	6 55 PM	7 20 AM
“ Baltimore....	“	9 20 PM	9 42 AM
“ Washington... Southern R'y...		10 43 PM	11 15 AM
Ar. Charlotte, N.C.	“	9 25 AM	10 00 PM
“ Columbia, S.C.	“		
“ (Eastern time)	“	1 00 PM	1 37 AM
“ Savannah, Ga. (Central time)	F. C. & P. R. R.	4 25 PM	4 50 AM
Ar. Jacksonville..	“	9 12 PM	9 00 AM

The “New York and Florida Short Line Limited” resumes operation January 18th, which will be an additional train to two others now in operation, and leaves New York City daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon, and reaches Jacksonville the following afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and St. Augustine just one hour later—4:30. This train will be composed of Pullman compartment cars, two sleepers, library and observation dining-car, from New York to St. Augustine.

For seclusion, grandeur, and solid comfort there is nothing in the world that surpasses this train. The compartment-car is a model of perfection, as the design of the car is such that a party occupying a compartment is free from the outside world. There are four of these state-rooms and one drawing-room compartment in each end of the car, which are so arranged that they can be used separately or thrown into a suite of private apartments. The vestibule or general passage-way divides in the centre of the car, shifting from right to left side of the car, so that there are always four of these compartments with windows looking out on the shady side of the car, and four on the sunny side. Each of these compartment rooms, in addition to being perfect in itself, has three doors opening into it, one each into the adjoining apartments on either side, which lock when so de-

sired. The other door opens into the main passage-way, used by those who find it necessary to pass through the car from time to time. These state-room compartments are unsurpassable in completeness, containing an upper and lower berth, a private folding washstand, and an ingeniously contrived toilet, with a fine flow of water.

The drawing-room sleeping-cars are Pullman's most modern type—drawing-room and twelve sections.

The arrangements of the Southern Railway and Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad bring the transportation facilities between the North and South closer than ever before, and make the trip between these sections one of dispatch and comfort. Such extraordinary facilities have not heretofore been offered to the public. For further information call or address New York office, 271 and 353 Broadway.



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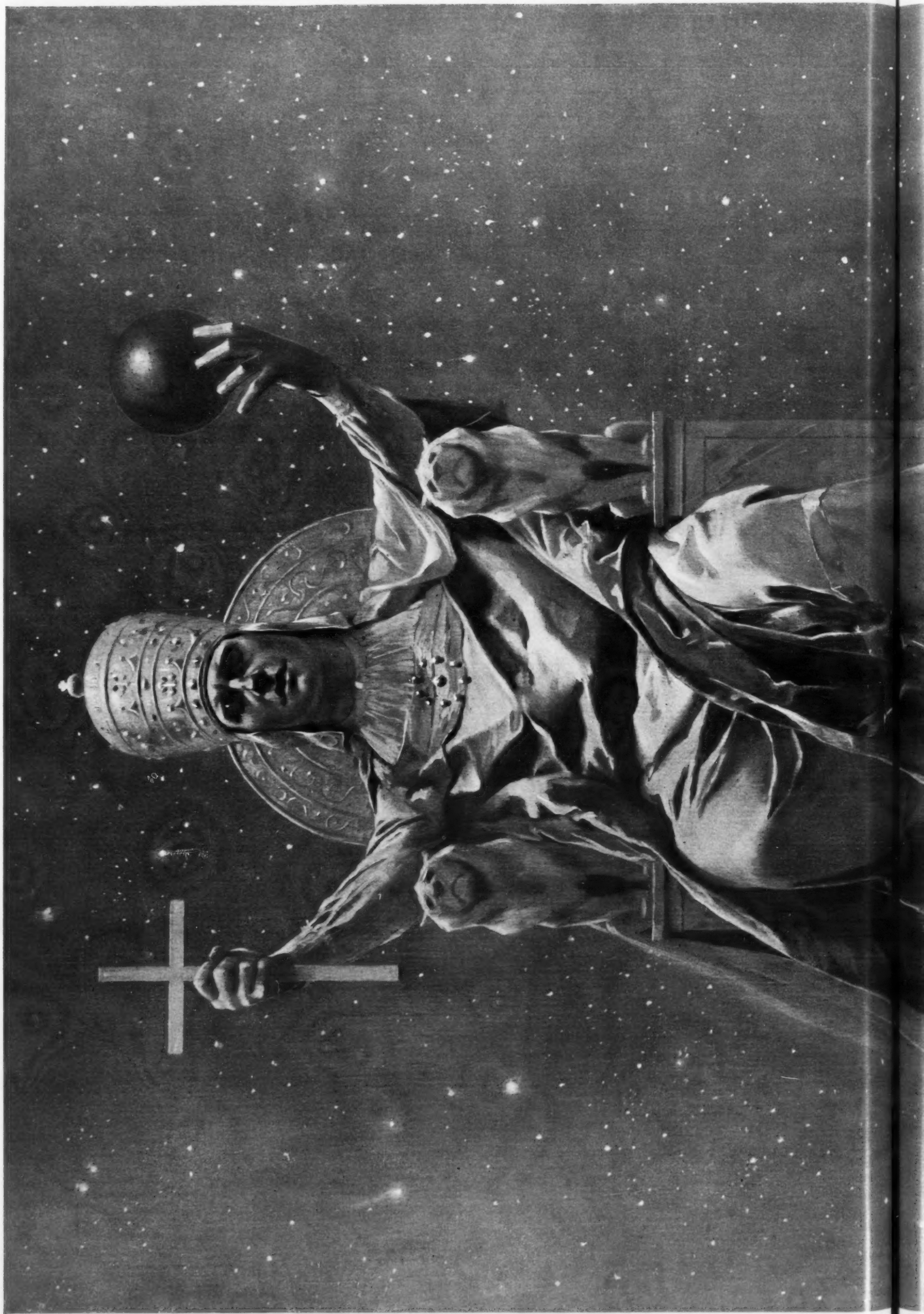
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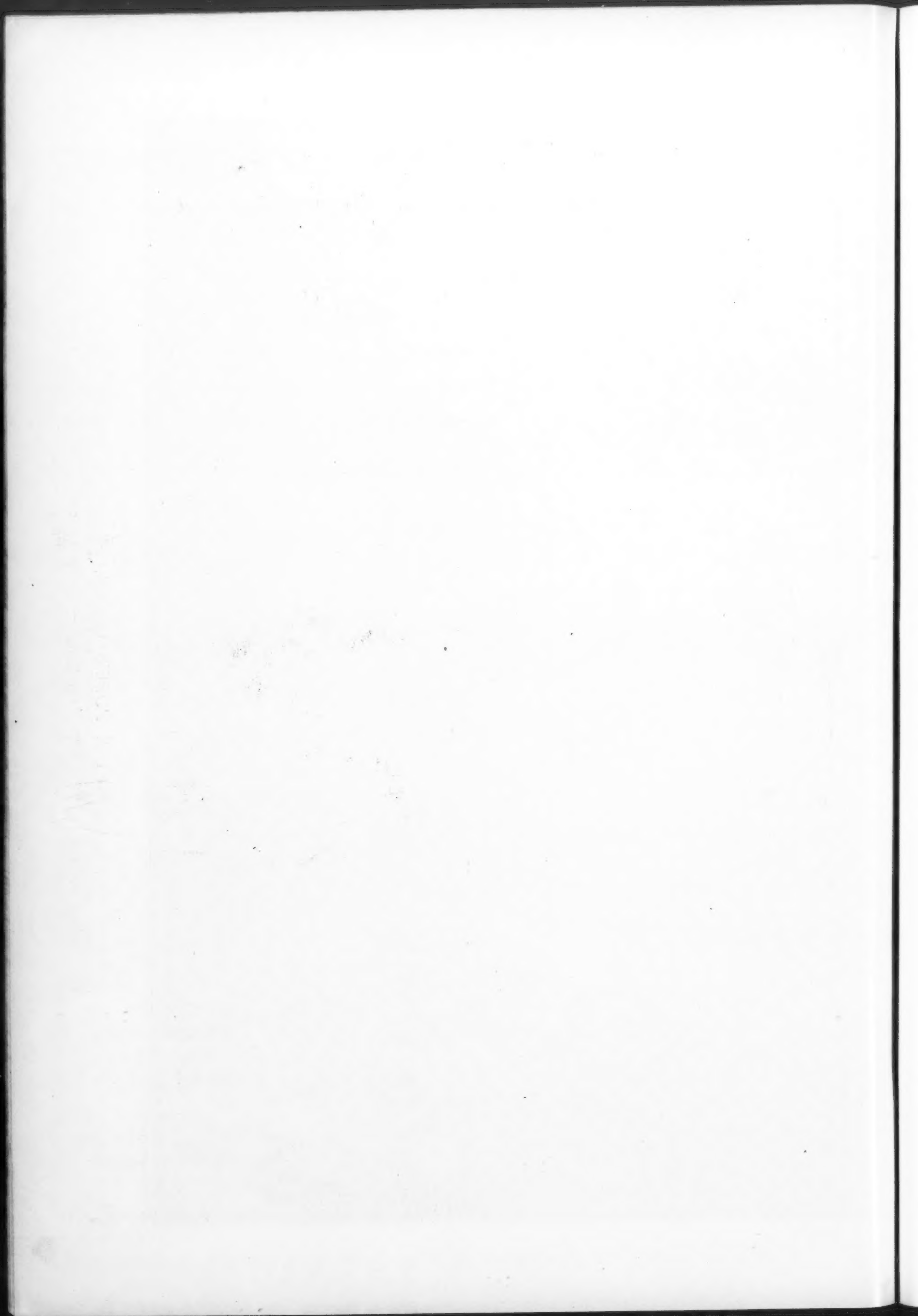
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June 27th, 1896.



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CONSUMPTION

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 23d day of November, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation and entry of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following named streets in the
TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—EAST 156TH STREET, from Railroad Avenue East to Elton Avenue, and from St. Ann's Avenue to Prospect Avenue.
TWENTY-FOURTH WARD.—SUBURBAN STREET, between Webster and Anthony Avenues.
 ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
 City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, November 24th, 1896.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of November, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments and Entry in the Bureau of Arrears of the following Assessments for local improvements in the respective wards herein designated:
FIRST WARD—GOUVERNEUR LANE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Water Street to South Street; **WALL STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS**, between Pearl and South streets.

THIRD WARD—GREENWICH STREET, BASIN, southeast corner of Fulton Street.

FOURTH WARD—JAMES SLIP, PAVING, between Cherry and South streets.

ELEVENTH WARD—SIXTH STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between East River and Avenue D.

TWELFTH WARD—BOULEVARD, LAFAYETTE AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, CROSSWALK, at their junction with the west side of Eleventh Avenue; **CATHEDRAL PARKWAY, SEWER**, between Columbus and Amsterdam avenues; **EIGHTH AVENUE, SEWER**, between One Hundred and Fiftieth and One Hundred and Fifty-third streets, with **BRANCH SEWERS** in One Hundred and Fifty-first and One Hundred and Fifty-second streets.

FIFTH AVENUE, SEWERS, between Ninetieth and Ninety-eighth streets; **MARGINAL STREET, SEWER**, between One Hundred and Seventh and One Hundred and Tenth streets, with **BRANCHES** in One Hundred and Seventh, One Hundred and Eighth, and One Hundred and Ninth streets, between Marginal Street and First Avenue; **NINETY-EIGHTH STREET, REGULATING, REGRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING**, between Third and Park avenues; **NINETY-EIGHTH AND NINETY-NINTH STREETS, BASINS**, on the northwest and southwest corners of Lexington Avenue; **NINETY-NINTH STREET, SEWER**, between Riverside and West End avenues; **ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH STREET, SEWER**, between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Avenue; **West; ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH STREET, SEWER**, between Convent Avenue and St. Nicholas Terrace; **TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING**, from Amsterdam Avenue to Harlem River; **TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING**, from Amsterdam Avenue to Harlem River; **NINETY-SIXTH STREET, PAVING**, between Park and Fifth avenues.

FIFTEENTH WARD—FIFTH AVENUE, SEWER, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

SIXTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, TWENTIETH, AND TWENTY-FIRST WARDS—TWENTY-THIRD STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between North River and Tenth Avenue; also, **SEWER** in Eleventh Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh streets; also, **SEWER** in Thirteenth Avenue, east side, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets.

EIGHTEENTH WARD—FIFTEENTH STREET, SEWER, between First and Second avenues; **EIGHTEENTH STREET, BASIN**, north side, at Avenue C.

NINETEENTH WARD—SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET, SEWER, between Park and Madison avenues; **EIGHTIETH STREET, BASIN**, northeast corner of Madison Avenue.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—CEDAR PLACE, SEWER, between Eagle and Cauldwell avenues; **FOREST AVENUE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS**, between Home Street and One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street; **FOREST AVENUE, BASIN**, southeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; **FOREST AVENUE, BASIN**, northeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; **FULTON AVENUE, BASIN**, northeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street; **BEACH AVENUE, SEWER**, between One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street and the street summit south of One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street; **JEROME AVENUE, BASIN**, west side, opposite One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street; on the southeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; on the west side, opposite McClellan Street (Endrow Place), and on the northeast corner of Clark Place; **ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING**, between Locust and Trinity avenues; **ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND BUILDING CULVERTS**, between Third and Gerard avenues; **ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING**, from Railroad Avenue west to Morris Avenue; **ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS**, from Morris Avenue to Railroad Avenue; **West; RAILROAD AVENUE, WEST, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS**, from Morris Avenue to One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; **ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH STREET, PAVING**, between Mott and Rider avenues.

TWENTY-THIRD AND TWENTY-FOURTH WARDS—INTERVALE AVENUE, SEWER, from Southern Boulevard to Wilkins Place.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH STREET, SEWERS, between Valente and Third avenues; **PELHAM AVENUE, SEWER**, extension to Vanderbilt Avenue; **West; PELHAM AVENUE, SEWER**, from Webster Avenue to Lorillard Place; **PELHAM AVENUE, BASIN**, north side, east of New York and Harlem Railroad; **ST. PAUL'S PLACE, BASIN**, northeast and northwest corners of Third Avenue; **THIRD AVENUE, SEWER**, from One Hundred and Seventy-first Street to Westchester Avenue; **VANDERBILT AVENUE, EAST, SEWER**, between One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street and Tremont Avenue; also, **SEWER** in Tremont Avenue, between Vanderbilt Avenue, east, and Third Avenue; also, **SEWERS** in Washington and Bathgate avenues, between Tremont Avenue and One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street; **WEBSTER AVENUE, BASIN**, northwest corner of One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Street, and on the east side of Webster Avenue, opposite One Hundred and Seventy-second Street.
 ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
 City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, December 4th, 1896.

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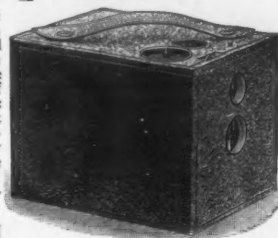
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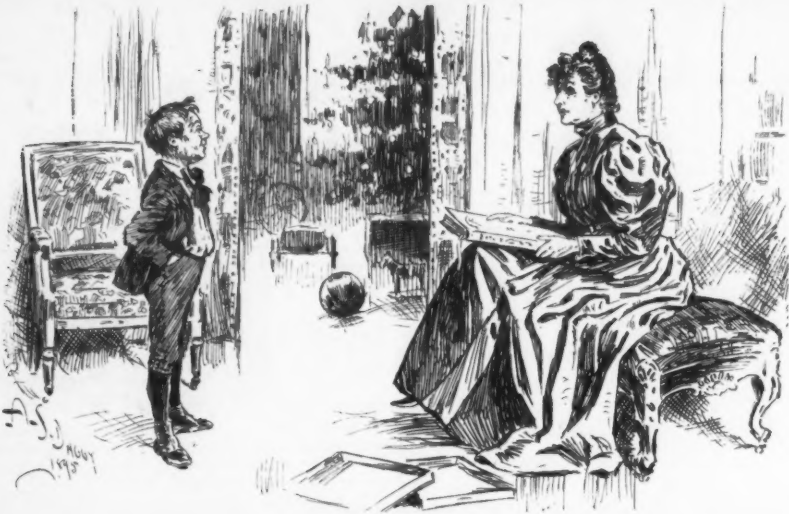
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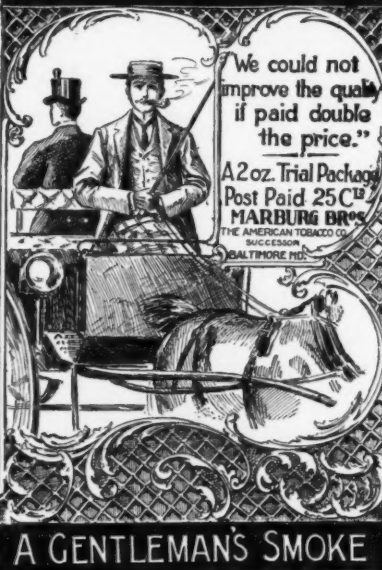
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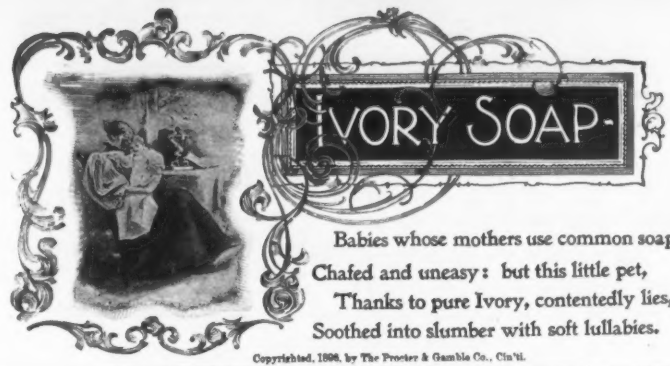
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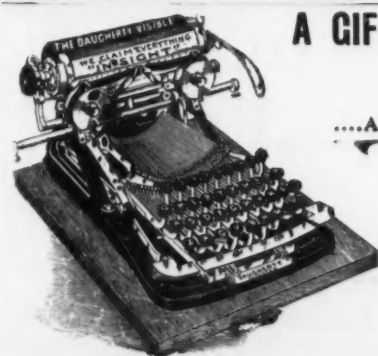
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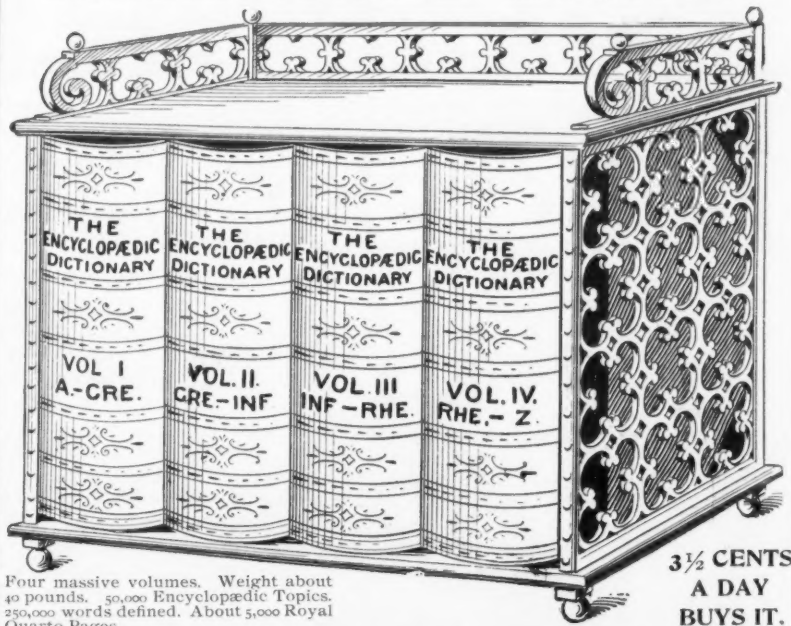
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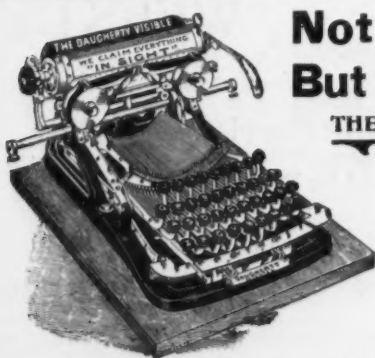


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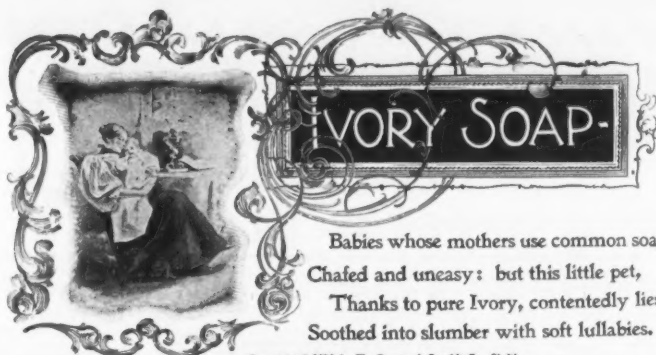
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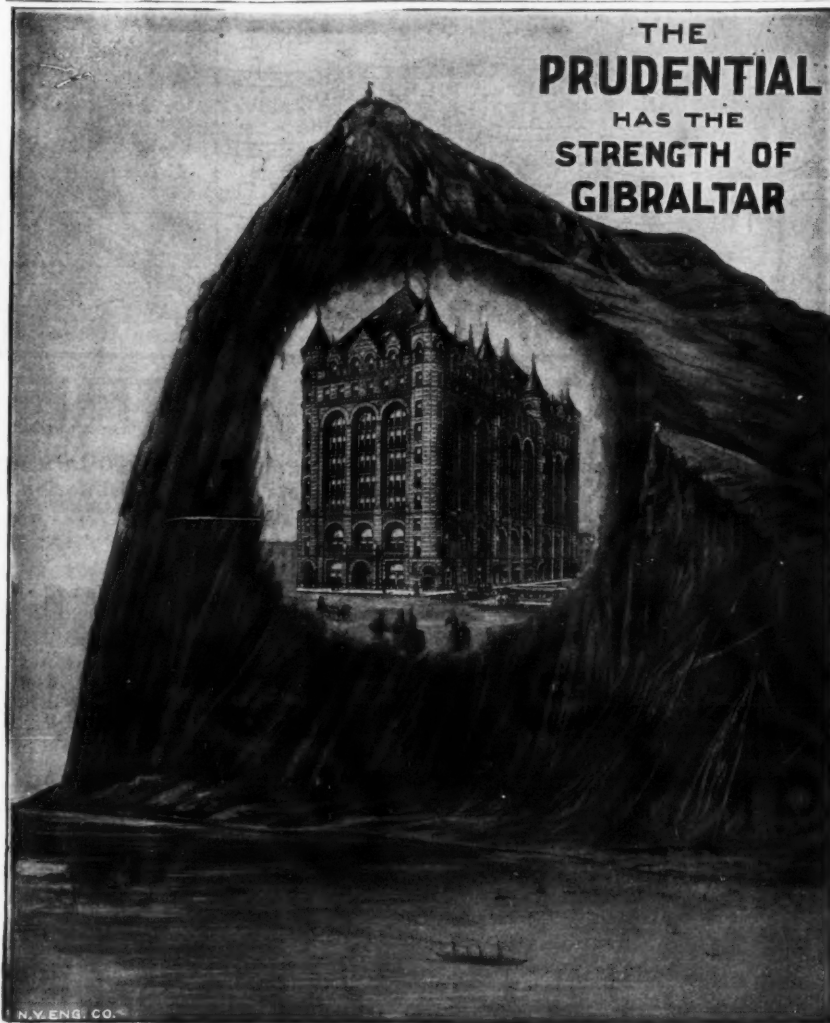
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